

The Saturday News

Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1908

No. 33

NOTE AND COMMENT

The tariff will never be taken out of politics, if the manufacturers of the country can help it. An interchange of telegrams between the executive of their association and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, just before the close of the session, impresses this upon us very forcibly. The following was the telegram sent the Premier:

"The executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, now in session, know that under the existing tariff conditions a number of our largest Canadian woolen industries must suffer annihilation before another year, and appeal to you for immediate relief. What the two hundred woolen manufacturers have asked of you in the memorandum submitted is the least that will save them from ruin. They, together with the thousands of working people dependent upon them for their daily bread, and the farmers who have hitherto found profitable employment in wool-growing, join us in the firm stand that the important question must be disposed of before the closing of the session. The association awaits your answer." Sir Wilfrid wired the following reply:

"Government regret that with present information they are unable to agree to the proposals respecting increased duties on wool goods. In a country with the climate of Canada the cost of woolen clothing becomes a question of very great importance. A proposal to increase the taxes on what might almost be called a necessity of life naturally arouses much opposition among the consumers and their representatives. The Government have on more than one occasion given evidence of their appreciation of the importance of the woolen interests and their desire to give reasonable encouragement to it. They hope that to some extent the difficulties which the manufacturers are meeting are due not to tariff conditions, but to a depression in trade which they believe is but temporary. That view is supported by the fact that in the neighboring Republic, where a very high wool tariff is in operation there has been trade depression. The Government, with due regard to the people of all sections of the country, feel that it is not the moment at which they should adopt a policy of increased taxation, especially on articles of a necessary character. The complaints that have been made by the woolen trade as to customs of the customs laws are being carefully looked into, and if it be ascertained that they be well founded the proper remedy will be applied. The question of tariff revision as respects the woolen industries cannot possibly be dealt with in the few hours of this session that remain. We can assure the manufacturers that we are fully appreciative of the industry, and that if we cannot at this stage meet their wishes it is because we are obliged to consider the wishes of all classes throughout the country."

How could any other answer have been expected? The Government has already gone a great deal further in the direction of according special treatment of the woolen industry than it should have done and further concessions would involve a complete change of front. The principal contention that the Canadian woolen manufacturers have to meet is from the Old Country and an increase in the general tariff would have meant an impairment of the value of the preference, which would have had an extremely bad effect on our trade and other relations with the Motherland. But more important still is the effect which such a move would have upon those who are doing the work in the newer parts of the country, which is really bringing about the development of Canada. These are the men, the workers in the open spaces, whose interests any government, which seeks to promote general prosperity, must seek first of all to serve. The bad leadership from which the manufacturers of the country are suffering was never better illustrated than in connection with this latest appeal to the government. By making it at an inopportune time, they can only bring about one result, that of strengthening the forces against the policy that they are so insistent in putting forward.

In a remarkable letter appearing in the Halifax Herald, Mr. Justice Russell takes severely to task the publicists who would have us believe that the Imperial tie has no value for Canada, or is even worse than useless. His chief point is the comparison of the fate of isolated Mexico with that of Canada, a part of the British Empire, as regards relations with the United States. "Mexico," he says, with ironical emphasis, "had controversies with the Republic as we have had. It did not labor under the disadvantage of being a colony. The subservience of colonialism did not afflict the spirits of its people, and it did not suffer the degradation of being subordinate to any over-seen sovereignty. Happy Mexico! Piece by piece it was stripped of its possessions by occupations and filibustering raids and revolutions organized and engineered from without, until it has been reduced to proportions that nobody need envy, and restricted to an area that nobody seems to covet." Judging from the statements of American statesmen during the nineteenth century, it is highly probable that Canada, had she been outside the Empire, would not have been allowed to exceed the proportions of a small River State.

A Striking Contrast



Among all the evidences of progress at the recent exhibition in Calgary the Indians, gathered at the grounds in large numbers, proved a picturesque reminder of the conditions that prevailed in Alberta in the immediate past.

to the problems, which each year makes it more necessary to solve.

The Toronto Globe is celebrating what passes in newspaper circles as the 'silly season' by the 'mild diver-

the case, is it not more natural for us to increase rather than cut down our sleeping hours? The natural state of things is surely for a man to sleep just as long as he can, to go to bed when he is sleepy and to rise

is apparent that it is to be one of the dirtiest on record. The issues are few and the candidates have nothing to do but indulge in the grossest personalities. When the political pot begins to boil in Alberta, we hope that this province will prove a contrast. The attitude of the party organs, however, during even so decidedly quiet a time as the present, does not give much encouragement that this will prove the case. As an example of the criticism to which these journals subject their opponents take the following from a recent issue of the Calgary Albertan, a newspaper which is capable of better things:

"Despite the advice that was offered by the Albertan a few days ago, the Conservatives are going to adhere to their original program, and instead of bringing the entire opposition circus which has attracted so much attention in the six months stand at Ottawa, they have decided to travel through Western Ontario with a one ring affair, which will be occupied by a certain acrobat named Ames, but the water boy and general barker will be M. S. McCarthy, who can do the turn with entire satisfaction."

"There may be some objection to this program, but if it is unsatisfactory, the Albertan is not to blame. It gave warning in good time. It notified out to the cheese-maker."

dashed from Jasper avenue around the Empire block corner. Everyone gave it a wide berth and it looked as if it would cover a considerable portion of the city before it stopped in its mad career. But all of a sudden a young fellow sprang out from the sidewalk and made a grab for the reins which were dragging behind. He caught them and though the animal pulled him off his feet he continued to hang on. After he had been dragged for a short distance, the runaway was stopped. In a few minutes the horse had been handed over to the police and the man, who had imperilled his life, went about his business, fortunately none the worse for his experience, except that his clothes were not improved by close contact with the pavement. He didn't see the owner of the horse and so could have received no thanks from him for what he had done in saving his property from injury. The few who happened to see the incident said that it was a lucky act. That was all the public recognition he secured, yet if the horse had been allowed to proceed unimpeded, it might have done great damage and might just as easily as not have caused loss of life. Was it worth the man's while to take the chance that he did? Looking at the matter purely from the standpoint of his own interests it wasn't. He hadn't a ghost of a chance of being dubbed a public hero and of having his picture published in a conspicuous place in the papers. No considerations of this kind could possibly have influenced his action. For this reason, we hold, it indicated the truest kind of heroism, that which consists of doing your duty promptly as occasion offers, without making a display of it and without having ulterior objects in view, simply because it is your duty.

Mayor McDougall is to be congratulated on the progress being made with his street railway policy. Arrangements have been completed by which the city of Edmonton secures the thirty year franchise in Strathcona from the Strathcona Radial Tramway Co. One of the conditions is that during the present year between two and a-half and three miles of railway are to be constructed within the Strathcona limits and that a half-hourly service between the two cities is to be given from the first, with a more frequent service when business warrants. Already men have been placed at work on the Strathcona side in preparing the grade, and it is thought that some time in November, it will be possible to commence inter-urban traffic. There has been pressing need for adequate facilities for communication between the two municipalities for some years and the civic authorities will do well to concentrate their attention for the present on providing these at the earliest moment possible. That this part of the line will pay handsomely from the first there is no question. What expansions will be made in Edmonton have not been definitely determined, though the continuation of the Jasper avenue line to 21st street and that out Namayo to Alberta is spoken of, as well as a spur line down Ninth to the Parliament buildings and along Saskatchewan avenue to the bridge.

Vice-President Whyte, in reply to a telegram from Mayor Duggan of Strathcona, asking whether that railway intended to abandon the high-level bridge project, wired "We will abide by our plan of crossing and entrance." This looks definite enough, though most people would like to see the project get beyond the "plan" stage. The delay in starting operations certainly gave color to the report regarding the contemplated entrance by way of Clover Bar.

The Supreme Court of Alberta, sitting en banc at Calgary, has unanimously upheld the decision of the Chief Justice in the lumber combine case. No further appeal is allowed, so the conclusion has been (Continued on page 4)

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SUB DIVISION

to continue to pay our way as a world power. We do not see how anyone can believe that the present arrangements are otherwise than temporary. It is no answer to those who ask Canadians to thoughtfully consider the problem to charge them with a desire to foster a spirit of militarism. Either we need the support of an army and navy or we do not? If our interests would be perfectly safe supposing the protection which the Mother Country now gives were withdrawn to-morrow, there is no necessity of worrying over the matter at all. But if with international conditions as they are, we could not afford to be without that protection, we must either look forward to the time when we shall supply it ourselves or consider what we should pay Great Britain for giving it to us. Canada is a land possessed of a vast territory of wonderful resources. Britain is merely a little island, whose commercial eminence is due more to the energy and intelligence of her people than to the natural wealth to be found within her boundaries. Nothing can be more certain that in a very few years the difference between the two countries in respect to population and economic strength will have been wholly overcome. When that happens it is reasonable to expect that the newer country will continue in its position of dependence upon the older? The readjustment of their relations is attended by great difficulties. This is all the more reason why we should not drift along now without giving thought

to the position of a rich man of experience, to acquiring which he has devoted himself with all the selfishness of his nature, count when he compares himself to his brother, who is entering upon the evening of his career, serene in the affection of life and children and with years of happy domestic memories behind him. There is no use discussing this question of race suicide from the basis of public morals. Not one man in a million will ever marry because he thinks he owes it to the public to do so. You have to convince him that by not marrying he is missing the best things that earth has to offer.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison is reported to have said that people would be very much better off if they only slept five hours. He relates the experience of young men who have come to work in his laboratory and who, though they found it very difficult at first to accustom themselves to his habits, which involve only that length of time for sleep, have gone away confirmed in the belief that they were benefited by the change in their way of life. Mr. Edison is, of course, not the only man who has been of the opinion that we sleep too long. The late Sir Howard Vincent never slept more than four hours. That intellectual giant, Alexander Humboldt, contented himself with three. But we cannot believe that the list will increase as the years go by. The tendency is always to live more intensely during the day. This being

the question of race suicide, which have just been issued, show what mischief he wrought in international relations. The Fenian Raids which caused so much hard feeling between Canada and her neighbor were connived at by President Johnson. He had become acquainted with O'Neill as early as 1862, when he (Johnson) was acting as military governor of Tennessee, and O'Neill was an officer of the Northern army. They were, indeed, close friends, and O'Neill had Johnson's assent to his preparations in 1866. In 1868, two years after the fiasco, the Fenian commander and Le Caron went to see Johnson at the White House, and the President apologized for the order stopping further expeditions to Canada in these words:

"General O'Neill, your people unfairly blame me a good deal for the part I took in stopping your first movements. Now, I want you to understand that my sympathies are entirely with you, and anything that lies in my power I am willing to do to assist you. But you must remember I gave you five full days before issuing my proclamation to stop you. What in God's name more did you want? If you could not get there in five days, you could never get there; and then as President I was compelled to enforce the neutrality laws or be condemned on every side."

It is a good thing for the credit of the country that the campaign in Saskatchewan will not last long. It

great deal of local pride, which is one of a community's best assets, is bound up in a name and to deliberately sacrifice it would be much worse than a mistake. A few weeks ago the people of Clover Bar were up in arms against the G.T.P., which contemplated giving the station which is to serve this, one of the earliest and most successful settlements in the country, the euphonious but meaningless name of Valcour. The representations of Clover Bar succeeded, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of Viking will be paid similar heed to.

The report is in circulation that at the coming general election, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be one of the candidates in Toronto. We hope that it is true. His election would have an excellent effect. He has always been a popular figure in the Queen City, even though it has not elected his candidates and the contest would do a great deal to stir up the dead dry bones of Ontario Liberalism. The idea has up to the present been too prevalent that a politician belonged to a particular province rather than to the Dominion as a whole. English leaders sit for Scotch seats and vice versa and the result is that there is not the same sectional spirit in the Imperial parliament that we see in that at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid's campaign in Toronto would partake very largely of the character of that Middlethian made by Mr. Gladstone.

One afternoon this week a horse

Sometimes in the dark moments you ask yourself why should the trail be broken at all? Why is it so imperative that homes all over the face of the earth should be disorganized, that this new and practically unsettled country should be made to blossom like the rose. I think there are two answers, nations, as well as men can not shrink from their destiny, and what should we do with the men who won't fit in, if there were no new worlds to conquer.

I recall in this connection an answer made by young McKillop, the explorer, to the question why he should venture life and limb in his explorations for the new continent he believes exists somewhere in the Arctic circle, when he might be enjoying a happy comfortable existence among his own people.

"What was the use anyway?" "The use, why think what a fine base from which to make a dash for the pole."

So it ever is. And while we query, "why not sit down and enjoy a civilized existence in the midst of plenty, why should men go out onto lonely homesteads, into the wild north country where comfort as we know it is not. We have already our answer, because we have taken up this work. We can not drop it now, and what is more we would not drop it if we could."

A year and more ago a young English ornithologist prepared an expedition to go north to study bird life.

Boats were built and sent on to Athabasca Landing; over five thousand dollars was invested in articles for barter and general supplies, when just three days prior to his departure he was stricken with typhoid and taken to the hospital where, for weeks, he lay, and was despaired of. Queried as to whether he would not like a cable sent to his people as there seemed no hope of recovery, he replied "not by any means." Friends, however, in possession of the home address took it on themselves to wire with the result that a brother came out by the first boat, with instructions that if money or skill could do aught for him nothing was to be left undone, and if, by chance, his life was saved he was to be brought home the moment he could stand the journey.

He did get better, they're hard to kill these clean-living, clean-headed Brits, but only for two months. Now he is back studying his birds. Why? again, what's the use? Because perhaps he'd like to take naturally to golf, and mullin-struggles and kow-towing and such-like ways of his people.

Because there was with him the memory of a long line of his race who had "done" things, not babbled of them, because the "wanderlust" that has made old England's greatness was part of his very being. Service has voiced the idea splendidly in the "Spell of the Yukon."

"There's a race of men that don't fit in
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest:
Their's is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far.
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and new.

They want too, I think I should add, to count for something in this world, to help make history, not just live in it. The lure of the trail has taken men captive from the beginning, and to this day of time those worth while will push on to the lands where a man has elbow room.

In a brilliant novel by A. E. W. Mason, entitled "The Broken Road," which by the way has reference to the building of the road on the Indian frontier through the Kyber Pass, there is a significant paragraph which voices admirably what I would say with regard to many of the men who are today making the West.

"Many men," says Mason, "will die in the building of the road from cold and dysentery, and even hunger—Englishmen and coolies from Batistan. Many men will be fighting for it, Englishmen and Chitras and Gurkhas and Sikhs. It will cost millions of money, and from policy or covetousness, successive Governments will try to stop it; but the Power of the Road will be greater than the Power of any Government. It will wind through valleys so deep that the day sunshine is gone within the hour. It will be carried in galleries along the faces of mountains, and for eight months of the year sections of it will be buried deep in snow. Yet it will be finished."

And so will the trail be broken in the North and West. Perhaps in the doing of it many poor chips will go under. Even so.

"Gone under?" if you like! As trees stand firm on roots that grip the soil.

So States are formed on men like there
And Empires builded on their toil—
"Gone under" that foundations may

Hold shoveler structures up today.
So myriad patient corals spend
That crowns the dead who rest beneath

Their lives, and grave is heaped on grave
Below the sea, but in the end
The islands there, and palm trees wave
Round the lagoon, a sacred wreath.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con-
— A Stander-By

The very hot and oppressive weather which has characterized the past week has left nothing to chronicle socially, but the flittings of those whose sole object has been to get away from city noise and heat to where country or seaside breezes woo one to forget that it is ninety in the shade and there is absolutely nothing doing to distract one's attention.

"For which let us all be thankful," I say to myself when the town is deserted and I can lay aside the society pencil for a space, and yet again how glad one will be to see all the familiar faces which September will bring back to us. I have never realized how like a big family we are up here in Edmonton to quite such an extent as during the present summer. At the close of these sweltering days when even my candles are reeling double, and protesting "wouldn't it melt you," the sultriness and severity of it, we wander around to sit on each other's verandahs and chat about all the absences we mutually know and like.

Gull Lake this summer must be a regular Edmonton colony from all accounts. Not a night but one hears of some of one's friends going or coming from the Lake of the White Birds. From one source and another I gather that there is a continual good and merry time in progress, that everyone is as brown as a berry, and that all the nice wee kiddies are thriving on the camp life.

Among others who have taken a cottage for a month are the Misses Sommerville and two girl friends. Mr. Blauquet is also the possessor of a brand new cottage and his family are at present sojourning in the pleasant spot.

For ourselves we have put in a quiet week of it, only the visit of the Minnesota newspaperers on Tuesday breaking in to disturb the monotony. Even they merely took a look in on us and were away before a people heard that they had been here.

On Saturday next Mr. Bowker leaves for Brandon where his marriage to Miss Kirchhoffer takes place on August the fifth. Invitations have already reached Edmonton friends, and the ceremony to be solemnized at Saint Matthew's Church at a quarter past one, a reception following immediately after at Clarabehn, the fine residence of the bride's parents.

During her recent trip to Toronto and Ottawa, where she has been on troupeau matters intent, the bride-to-be was a much-feted guest in both cities where she is very well known and extremely popular.

Another bachelor whom August will find a Benedict is Dr. Strong, who left Edmonton on Monday for Carleton Place, where his marriage to Miss Bertha Godden takes place on July 31st. More than a little interest surrounds the Doctor's wedding, not only on account of his prominence in Edmonton, and the numerous well-wishers he has here, but because his fiancée recently, with her brother, visited the Capital, and the day that witnesses their wedding will be one which will see a triple event of a like nature in the Dr.'s family, his sister and brother being married at the same time.

Dr. Strong has recently built a very cosy home on Thirteenth street where he and his bride will take up their residence on their return, which will be in about three weeks.

Mrs. Beck, of Fifth street, will not receive until after the middle of September.

The following items from the Toronto Globe will be of interest to Edmontonians: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hayes have left for Quebec to join their cousin, Mrs. C. Broughton Wood, and Governor and Mrs. George Maclean of Simsbury, Connecticut.

The marriage of Miss Eva Seythes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Seythes to Mr. Camby F. Newell of Edmonton, was solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents, 611 Dundas street, Toronto, on Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Rev. M. Leonard, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. Mr. Fallis, officiated. The wedding march was played by Miss Beatrice Crawford of Edmonton. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Laura F. Seythes, and the groom by Mr. W. W. A. McMaster of West Toronto.

Miss Dubuc, daughter of Chief Justice Dubuc, of Winnipeg, and sister of Mr. Lucien Dubuc, Edmonton, will take part in the pageants as court lady under the Marquis de Tracy.

An interesting announcement was made yesterday at a luncheon, to the effect that Isaac Campbell, K.C., proposes to desert the ranks of the bachelors and join the benedictists. It is understood that the wedding is to take place on August 1.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Calgary News has the following: "Mrs. Sifton's charming residence on Thirteenth avenue west was thrown open on Tuesday last to all the youth and beauty of Calgary on the occasion of the post-nuptial reception of her daughter, Mrs. Clarke-Dennis. Mrs. Sifton received her guests in a beautiful gown of cream net and lace. Her daughter wore her wedding gown, a handsome creation of white lace. Miss Lowes, who also received with Mrs. Sifton, wore a pretty gown of soft blue mousseline over pink. The tea table was beautifully decorated with white roses, sweet peas and smilax, festoons of which were suspended from the electrolux, and underneath a large marriage bell of the same flowers. Mrs. Sifton was assisted by Mesdames Nolan, Loughheed, Grogan, Siley, Woods, Van Wart, and Miss Cardell.

Deep sympathy will be extended to Mr. Herbert Aldridge of the firm of Hallier and Aldridge, on the death of his wife, which took place last Saturday, after an illness of some weeks.

PEGGY

Edmonton Opera House
Sunday, July 28th, 9 p.m.

PROGRAMME of the Seventh of the Series of SUNDAY CONCERTS

1. Poet and Peasant Overture. F. Suppe. ORCHESTRA.
 2. Grandmother's Spinning Wheel. Gillet. ORCHESTRA.
 3. Song. Selected Haydn. (a) Allegro (b) Presto. From the "Four Seasons." Duet, Violin and Clarinet Messrs F. Darimont and C. Lagourgue.
 5. Celebrated Minuet Bocherini. ORCHESTRA.
 6. Song. Selected Mr. Van Syckle G. Marie.
 7. Cinquante. ORCHESTRA.
 8. Scene de Ballet. C. de Beriot Violin Solo—F. Darimont.
 9. Wedding March (from Lohengrin) Wagner ORCHESTRA.
- GOD SAVE THE KING.

GOOD ADVICE.

If some poor husband only knew
The risks they often take
By eating the concoctions which
Their young wives try to bake.
At present in this city
The death rate's "going some"
Because the poor young wives will
Not try
To Demonstration come.
So gladly for that purpose
A good Teacher from the "States"
Is showing how to bake,
And lower household rates.
But first it must be understood
That good bread means good
Yeast
And this you've got to think of first
If you'd insure a feast.
Fleischmann's the only Yeast that's
pure
Made freshly every day,
And that's our reason you should
try
A sample right away.
So, ladies, do not hesitate,
Miss Jones will tell you all,
Chase all your troubles right away,
You really ought to call.
She makes good bread and rolls and
cake
And dandy "Sally Lunn"
And you would feel in Paradise
When eating her "Bath Bun."
To make these things is easy,
It's not work in the least,
If you ask her how she does it
She'll tell you "Fleischmann's
Yeast."

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Special catering for afternoon teas and luncheons.
Ice-cold drinks in all flavors.

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PHONE 1915

CHAS. HALL

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Sir Wilfrid wired the following reply:

"Government regret that with present information they are unable to agree to the proposals respecting increased duties on wool goods. In a country with the climate of Canada the cost of woolen clothing becomes a question of very great importance. A proposal to increase the taxes on what might be deemed a luxury is a necessity of life naturally arouses much opposition among the consumers and their representatives. The Government have on more than one occasion given evidence of their appreciation of the importance of the woolen interests and their desire to give reasonable encouragement to it. They hope that to some extent the difficulties which the manufacturers are meeting are due not to tariff conditions, but to a depression in trade which they believe is but temporary. That view is supported by the fact that in the neighboring Republic, where a very high wool tariff is in operation there has been trade depression. The Government, with due regard to the people of all sections of the country, feel that it is not the moment at which they should adopt a policy of increased taxation, especially on articles of a necessary character. The complaints that have been made by the woolen trade as to evasions of the customs laws are being carefully looked into, and if it be ascertained that they be well founded the proper remedy will be applied. The question of tariff revision as respects the woolen industries cannot possibly be dealt with in the few hours of this session that remain. We can assure the manufacturers that we are fully appreciative of the industry, and that if we cannot at this stage meet their wishes it is because we are obliged to consider the wishes of all classes throughout the country."

How could any other answer have been expected? The Government has already gone a great deal further in the direction of according special treatment of the woolen industry than it should have done and further concessions would involve a complete change of front. The principal competition that the Canadian woolen manufacturers have to meet is from the Old Country and an increase in the general tariff would have meant an impairment of the value of the preference, which would have had an extremely bad effect on our trade and other relations with the Motherland. But more important still is the effect which such a move would have upon those who are doing the work in the newer parts of the country, which is really bringing about the development of Canada. These are the men, the workers in the open spaces, whose interests any government, which seeks to promote general prosperity, must seek first of all to serve. The bad leadership from which the manufacturers of the country are suffering was never better illustrated than in connection with this latest appeal to the government. By making it so ineopportune a time, they can only bring about one result, that of strengthening the forces against the policy that they are so insistent in putting forward.

In a remarkable letter appearing in the Halifax Herald, Mr. Justice Russell takes severely to task the publicists who would have us believe that the Imperial tie has no value for Canada, or is even worse than useless. His chief point is the comparison of the fate of isolated Mexico with that of Canada, a part of the British Empire, as regards relations with the United States. "Mexico," he says, with ironical emphasis, "had controversies with the Republic as we have had. It did not labor under the disadvantage of being a colony. The subservience of colonialism did not afflict the spirits of its people, and it did not suffer the degradation of being subordinate to any over-sea sovereignty. Happy Mexico! Piece by piece it was stripped of its possessions by occupations and filibustering raids and revolutions organized and engineered from without, until it has been reduced to proportions that nobody need envy, and restricted to an area that nobody seems to covet." Judging from the statements of American statesmen during the nineteenth century, it is highly probable that Canada, had she been outside the Empire, would not have been allowed to exceed the proportions of a small river State. Mr. Justice Russell tells the story of a Canadian missionary and his family who were in great danger at Song Sing, near Vladivostok, during the war between Russia and Japan. The British Consul in Korea was told of their predicament, and sent for a British warship from Hong-Kong, which arrived after a week's voyage, and rescued them, bringing them safely to their friends in Korea. What would have happened if they had been Mexicans? The incident admirably illustrates the value of British sea-power, which is always at the service of Canada, though what we Canadians contribute to its maintenance is insignificant. Not to mince matters, the Imperial tie mean for us a free navy, a free diplomatic service, the free use of British credit, and freedom from attack by predatory Powers."

The subject is one that cannot be too frequently discussed, for the time cannot be far distant when Canada must decide whether or not she wishes the Mother country to continue to render these services and what, if she does desire their continuance, she is willing to pay for them. We cannot grow into a great nation, approaching a position of equality with that from which we have sprung and expect the latter to continue to pay our way as a world power. We do not see how anyone can believe that the present arrangements are otherwise than temporary. It is no answer to those who ask Canadians to thoughtfully consider the problem to charge them with a desire to foster a spirit of militarism. Either we need the support of an army and navy or we do not? If our interests would be perfectly safe supposing the protection which the Mother Country now gives were withdrawn tomorrow, there is no necessity of worrying over the matter at all. But if with international conditions as they are, we could not afford to be without that protection, we must either look forward to the time when we shall supply it ourselves or consider what we should pay Great Britain for giving it to us. Canada is a land possessed of a vast territory of wonderful resources. Britain is merely a little island, whose commercial eminence is due more to the energy and intelligence of her people than to the natural wealth to be found within her boundaries. Nothing can be more certain than that in a very few years the difference between the two countries in respect to population and economic strength will have been wholly overcome. When that happens it is reasonable to expect that the newer country will continue in its position of dependence upon the older? The readjustment of their relations is attended by great difficulties. This is all the more reason why we should not drift along now without giving thought

A Striking Contrast



Among all the evidences of progress at the recent exhibition in Calgary the Indians, gathered at the grounds in large numbers, proved a picturesque reminder of the conditions that prevailed in Alberta in the immediate past.

to the problems, which each year makes it more necessary to solve.

The Toronto Globe is celebrating what passes in newspaper circles as the silly season by the mild diversion of a symposium on the subject of love and marriage. It asks why our young men and women do not marry earlier and why they are disinclined to take upon themselves the old-fashioned responsibility of raising a family. It is receiving scores of contributions, in few of which anything is to be found which has not been said before many times, but which are none the less of perpetual interest because the problems discussed lie so close to the lives of all of us. We are told, for instance, of the artificial conditions of modern life, of the expense to which a family man is put, etc. Various remedies are suggested, most of which merely illustrates the vagaries of the human intellect. There is only one remedy that can possibly have any effect. People will never do their duty to the state in this respect till they are brought to realize that their own happiness is bound up in doing so; they will never make the so-called sacrifices that married life involves till they understand that what they are called upon to give up is more than made up for by what a freer life of their own has to offer. They will have to learn from the experience of those who have come to them who have grown old without acquiring family ties. When a man passes middle age and looks back over the course of his life, for how much wealth, position or a rich fund of experiences, to acquiring which he has devoted himself with all the selfishness of his nature, count when he compares himself to his brother, who is entering upon the evening of his career, serene in the affection of life and children and with years of happy domestic memories behind him. There is no use discussing this question of race suicide from the basis of public morals. Not one man in a million will ever marry because he thinks he owes it to the public to do so. You have to convince him that by not marrying he is missing the best things that earth has to offer.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison is reported to have said that people would be very much better off if they only slept five hours. He relates the experience of young men who have come to work in his laboratory and who, though they found it very difficult at first to accustom themselves to his habits, which involve only that length of time for sleep, have gone away confirmed in the belief that they were benefited by the change in their way of life. Mr. Edison is, of course, not the only man who has been of the opinion that we sleep too long. The late Sir Howard Vincent never slept more than four hours. That intellectual giant, Alexander Humboldt, contented himself with three. But we cannot believe that the list will increase as the years go by. The tendency is always to live more intently during the day. This being

the case, is it not more natural for us to increase rather than to cut down our sleeping hours? The natural state of things is surely for a man to sleep just as long as he can, to go to bed when he is sleepy and to rise just as soon as he is thoroughly awake. Some may be so built that they can only get along with three hours, others may need three times that amount. Nature affords a better guidance in this, as in all other matters, than the rules laid down by any individual, whatever his eminence.

The carelessness with which the office of Vice President is filled in the United States must make one marvel who studies the history of the Republic during the past sixty odd years. The post is shirked by men of leading and is usually handed over to some fourth rate politician.

Neither Mr. Taft's nor Mr. Bryan's running mate is a man of any national eminence. Yet of the thirteen Presidents elected since 1840, no less than five have held during the office. On this basis, the chances are very nearly equal whether the chief Executive will survive his term or not. One would think that this would suggest the wisdom of making a careful selection of the man who is to succeed him in case of death. The mischief which an incompetent who thus succeeded to the highest office in the state may do was illustrated forcibly in the case of Andrew Johnson. Not only did his Reconstruction policy produce unending trouble for the Union, but the memoirs of Hon. Carl Schurz, which have just been issued, show what mischief he wrought in international relations. The Fenian Raids which caused so much hard feeling between Canada and her neighbor were connived at by President Johnson. He had become acquainted with O'Neill as early as 1862, when he (Johnson) was acting as military governor of Tennessee, and O'Neill was an officer of the Northern army. They were, indeed, close friends, and O'Neill had Johnson's assent to his preparations in 1866. In 1868, two years after the fiasco, the Fenian commander and Le Caron went to see Johnson at the White House and the President apologized for the order stopping further expeditions to Canada in these words:

"General O'Neill, your people unfairly blame me a good deal for the part I took in stopping your first movements. Now, I want you to understand that my sympathies are entirely with you, and anything that lies in my power I am willing to do to assist you. But you must remember I gave you five full days before issuing my proclamation to stop you. What in God's name more did you want? If you could not get there in five days, you could never get there; and then as President I was compelled to enforce the neutrality laws or be condemned on every side."

It is a good thing for the credit of the country that the campaign in Saskatchewan will not last long. It

is apparent that it is to be one of the dirtiest on record. The issues are few and the candidates have nothing to do but indulge in the grossest personalities. When the political pot begins to boil in Alberta, we hope that this province will prove a contrast. The attitude of the party organs, however, during even so decidedly quiet a time as the present, does not give much encouragement that this will prove the case. As an example of the criticism to which these journals subject their opponents take the following from a recent issue of the Calgary Alberta, a newspaper which is capable of better things:

"Despite the advice that was offered by the Alberta a few days ago, the Conservatives are going to adhere to their original program, and instead of bringing the entire opposition circus which has attracted so much attention in the six months stand at Ottawa, they have decided to travel through Western Ontario with a one ring affair, which will be occupied by a certain acrobat named Ames, but the water boy and general barker will be M. S. McCarthy, who can do the turn with entire satisfaction."

"There may be some objection to this program, but if it is unsatisfactory, the Alberta is not to blame. It gave warning in good time. It pointed out to the circus managers that what we wanted was the entire managerie. We wanted the giraffe Foster, the stretcher—remember, too, that from giraffe the word giraffe was derived. We wanted the leaver of the animals, R. L. Borden; Col. Sam Hughes, who does the back hand-spring; Mr. Bergeron, the clown, and the entire shooting match. These for the high parts, and Billie Demet and Fowler to handle the rough work."

"But it seems, according to the Tory evening paper, that the program is not altered, and that the old program has been adhered to. It is to be a small one ring affair. Mr. Ames, the one-show man, doing the heavy stunts, and M. S. McCarthy, the sprinter, who tried not to run in Calgary, as the maid of all work."

Criticism of this character is certain to help Messrs Ames and McCarthy more in their campaign than columns of laudatory editorial matter in Conservative newspapers.

The people of the prosperous Norwegian settlement of Viking are fighting for the preservation of the name under which it has been known since its establishment. The Grand Trunk Pacific has announced that it proposes to call the station at that point Meighen, after the well-known Montreal miller. Mr. Meighen is an estimable gentleman but his name has no local significance and it would be a pity if the railway should have its way. A great deal of local pride, which is one of a community's best assets, is bound up in a name and to deliberately sacrifice it would be much worse than a mistake. A few weeks ago the people of Clover Bar were up in arms against the G.T.P., which contemplated giving the station which is to serve this, one of the earliest and most successful settlements in the country, the euphonious but meaningless name of Valcour. The representations of Clover Bar succeeded, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of Viking will be paid similar heed to.

The report is in circulation that at the coming general election, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be one of the candidates in Toronto. We hope that it is true. His election would have an excellent effect. He has always been a popular figure in the Queen City, even though it has not elected his candidates and the contest would do a great deal to stir up the dead dry bones of Ontario Liberalism. The idea has up to the present been too prevalent that a politician belongs to a particular province rather than to the Dominion as a whole. English leaders sit for Scotch seats and vice versa and the result is that there is not the same sectional spirit in the Imperial parliament that we see in that at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid's campaign in Toronto would partake very largely of the character of that Middlethian made by Mr. Gladstone.

One afternoon this week a horse

dashed from Jasper avenue around the Empire block corner. Everyone gave it a wide berth and it looked as if it would cover a considerable portion of the city before it stopped in its mad career. But all of a sudden a young fellow sprang out from the sidewalk and made a grab for the reins which were dragging behind. He caught them and though the animal pulled him off his feet he continued to hang on. After he had been dragged for a short distance, the runaway was stopped. In a few minutes the horse had been handed over to the police and the man, who had imperilled his life, went about his business, fortunately none the worse for his experience, except that his clothes were not improved by close contact with the pavement. He didn't see the owner of the horse and so could have received no thanks from him for what he had done in saving his property from injury. The few who happened to see the incident said that it was a lucky act. That was all the public recognition he secured, yet if the horse had been allowed to proceed unimpeded, it might have done great damage and might just as easily as not have caused loss of life. Was it worth the man's while to take the chance that he did? Looking at the matter purely from the standpoint of his own interests it wasn't. He hadn't a ghost of a chance of being dubbed a public hero and of having his picture published in a conspicuous place in the papers. No considerations of this kind could possibly have influenced his action. For this reason, we hold, it indicated the truest kind of heroism, that which consists of doing your duty promptly as occasion offers, without making a display of it and without having ulterior objects in view, simply because it is your duty.

Mayor McDougall is to be congratulated on the progress being made with his street railway policy. Arrangements have been completed by which the city of Edmonton secures the thirty year franchise in Strathcona from the Strathcona Radial Tramway Co. One of the conditions is that during the present year between two and a-half and three miles of railway are to be constructed within the Strathcona limits and that a half-hourly service between the two cities is to be given from the first, with a more frequent service when business warrants. Already men have been placed at work on the Strathcona line in preparing the grade, and it is thought that some time in November, it will be possible to commence inter-urban traffic. There has been pressing need for adequate facilities for communication between the two municipalities for some years and the civic authorities will do well to concentrate their attention for the present on providing these at the earliest moment possible. That this part of the line will pay handsomely from the first there is no question. What expansions will be made in Edmonton have not been definitely determined, though the continuation of the Jasper avenue line to 21st street and that out Nanayno to Alberta is spoken of, as well as a spur line down Ninth to the Parliament buildings and along Saskatchewan avenue to the bridge.

Vice-President Whyte, in reply to a telegram from Mayor Duggan of Strathcona, asking whether that railway intended to abandon the high-level bridge project, wired "We will abide by our plan of crossing and entrance." This looks definite enough, though most people would like to see the project get beyond the "plan" stage. The delay in starting operations certainly gave color to the report regarding the contemplated entrance by way of Clover Bar.

The Supreme Court of Alberta, sitting en banc at Calgary, has unanimously upheld the decision of the Chief Justice in the lumber combine case. No further appeal is allowed, so the conclusion has been

(Continued on page 4)

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1

With the Investor.

A Calgary case recently tried before Justice Scott is of considerable interest in real estate circles. Mr. D. B. Niblock sued Wm. Ross for \$1500, the third instalment under an agreement for sale between them whereby Ross agreed to purchase a lot on 7th Avenue East, which fell due on April 24 last.

Ross in his defence alleged that the plaintiff had agreed to extend the time for payment, but the court held that he failed to prove any such agreement.

After Ross had agreed to purchase, Niblock first mortgaged the property and afterwards transferred it to his wife, who was the registered owner at the time the action was commenced, although it had been transferred to Niblock before the case came on for trial. On learning of the transfer from Niblock to his wife Ross gave notice of his intention to repudiate the whole transaction and to sue for return of the money already paid.

The court held that the fact that the plaintiff had encumbered the property did not entitle the defendant to rescind the contract. The court further finds authority against the defendant's contention that the trust under which his wife held from the plaintiff was void under the 7th section of the statute of fraud, and holds that the defendant was not entitled upon any of the grounds relied upon by him to rescind his agreement with the plaintiff, and directs the amount of the third payment to be paid into court by the defendant, pending a reference as to title, and that he pay the plaintiff's costs.

Mr. Chas. F. Adams, of Messrs Muir, Jeppson and Adams was successful for Mr. Niblock and Mr. Geo. H. Ross, of Messrs Short, Ross and Selwood, for Mr. Ross.

The Victoria Colonist has the following to say of a former well known Edmonton man:

"Mr. Fred T. Cromwell, late of Portland and at present of this city, is just down from Ashcroft, where he has concluded the purchase of the Jno. W. McGillivray ranch of 3000 acres which is situated about 30 miles from that excellent business and traffic centre. The transaction also includes the acquisition of a large bunch of cattle, as it is Mr. Cromwell's intention to continue this splendid ranch to the business of stock raising. He is, however, looking over a couple of other properties in the same district, but if he decides to acquire them he will use them for fruit growing purposes either exclusively on his own account or by cutting them up into blocks and disposing of them in suitable parcels. Mr. Cromwell holds other properties, timber, etc., in the northern part of the province, and has no hesitation whatever in urging Americans and others with capital to come into this province, and make similar and permanent investments."

A dispatch from Saskatoon under date of July 24 says:

"O. O. Winter, general superintendent and J. E. Dalrymple, freight traffic manager, of Winnipeg, this afternoon made an inspection trip of the G.T.P. They report steel now laid to the Battle River, and gangs have been sent of late for surfacing work. Steel has been laid at an enormous rate, 106 miles going down in nineteen days. Replying to a question the officials stated they were unaware when passenger traffic would be started, but they said the G.T.P. wanted to move all the wheat offered them this fall. At present they are taking local freight for points on their road, though not hankering for it."

Civic holiday will be celebrated in Edmonton as in other years on August 23rd, the date of the opening of the duck shooting season. Game Warden Lawson asked, in order to protect the ducks, that the date be changed, but the council thought the proper course was to have the date of the open season changed.

The Edmonton council has awarded the contract for the supply of coal to the Alberta Coal Mining Co. For the coal in use at the power house last year \$3.15 per ton was paid. This year the price is \$2, which means a saving of over \$5000. This is a result of the installation of the spur to the power house.

PERSONALIA

Another of the many scientists who are passing through Edmonton on their way to and from the north country reached the city on Sunday. Dr. Robert H. Lovie is the ethnologist of the American Museum of Natural History who has been making a study of the Indians at Chipewyan and at Fond Du Lac. His study included the language, customs, manners, beliefs, and physical structure of Indians. When the work is completed the results will be published in a series of scientific papers. Dr. Lovie states that the Indians from Lake Athabasca north to Hudson Bay belong to what is known as Athabasca stock. They average 5 feet 7 inches in height. Those at Fond Du Lac are known as caribou eaters. He collected a number of interesting traditions of these Indians through an interpreter. He was present when the Chipewyan mission was burned recently. Next year's supplies were lost but the church was saved. He will visit the Cold Lake Indians, then go south to Montana to study the Assiniboine Indians, returning to New York in the fall.

Mr. G. A. McKee has been appointed principal of the Strathcona Collegiate Institute and superintendent of schools in that city. He is an honor graduate of Toronto University and a specialist in classics. His teaching experience includes five years in the Caledonia, Ontario High school, two years in Clinton Collegiate Institute, one year at Ridgeway and three years in the London, Ontario Collegiate Institute. He was the successful applicant for a position on the Winnipeg Collegiate institute staff, but has declined it to accept the principalship here.

Dr. McIntyre M.P., accompanied by Mrs. McIntyre, returned to Strathcona at the first of the week after an eight months' absence. Mr. McIntyre was in attendance at the session at Ottawa.

Hon. W. H. Cushing contemplates a trip to the Peace River country at an early date.

Chief Davidson of Edmonton was chosen vice-president for Alberta at the Regina convention of the Western Firemen's Association.

Mr. Reve Lemarchand, who has done much in interesting his countrymen in Alberta, returned from France this week with a party of eight, including Madame R. Lemarchand, Rev. P. Fertray, Paul Courcier, E. Martini, A. Langlois, Rene de Beaudrap, Mlle. Yvonne de Beaudrap. The last two went to the Jeanne d'Arc Ranch at the Trochu Valley, east of Innisfail, and the remaining couple to Edmonton. Rev. Father Fertray, whose home is at Lemna, France, is merely making a trip through the west. He celebrated his 60th mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception last Sunday morning.

Mr. Thomas Hilliard, manager of the Dominion Life Assurance Co., Waterloo, Ont., paid his annual visit to Edmonton this week.

Capt. Isherwood, of the Hudson Bay Co.'s steamer "Wrigley," which plies between Port Smith and Fort Macleod, arrived in Edmonton (this) week on his way to Winnipeg.

The death took place of a veteran Hudson's Bay man in Winnipeg last week in the person of William S. Becher, of recent years manager of the western branch of the Royal Trust company. Mr. Becher had a paralytic stroke last October, but recovered sufficiently to return to business. He was born at Framore, county Waterford, Ireland, on Oct. 3, 1855. He was the son of Lieut. Col. Becher, of the Bengal army. As a young man he emigrated to Canada, and was in Montreal for a time, but came west in 1873, and at once entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay company in the capacity of apprentice clerk, which was the first position taken by all employees of the company in the early days.

In 1890 he was appointed a trader and in 1894 chief trader. On Feb. 28, 1905, he retired from the service of the company and took over the position of manager of the Royal Trust company. He was the author of "Becher's Sterling Advance Tables," now a standard work. Mr. Becher was well acquainted with the people of the west country and the western people. For three years he held the position of inspector in the Hudson's Bay company, and during those years he visited all the different parts throughout the west. He was considered a very shrewd and capable business man and was very popular among all his acquaintances. He possessed a typical Irish humor, which was one of the influences in rendering his life a pleasure to those with whom he came into contact. Mr. Becher was married on April 20, 1880, to Annie Laura, daughter of Justice McKeagney, of Winnipeg. There were eight children, of whom five are living.

Besting the widow there is left to mourn the loss of the deceased several brothers and sisters, Mrs. T. H. Biddulph, Punjab, India;

Chas. D. T. Becher, Macleod; and Frederick J. M. Becher, of Chilcooten, B.C.

The Romance of a Painting.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Abbott Titcomb who are spending part of their honeymoon in Quebec, attending the Tercentenary celebration, secure in a very romantic story told by the London Express.

The last page of the first volume of a love romance, as pretty as any in fiction has just been written in the marriage register of the old parish church of Bedford, in Surrey, says the Express.

The bride was Ethel Brignall of Wallington. The bridegroom was Harold Abbott Titcomb, of New Orleans. They were married on Wednesday, in the presence of as many friends as could be accommodated in the church. "She" is 25, and fair as a lily. "He" is 32, and dark.

Until a little more than two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb had never seen one another or heard of each other's existence. Mr. Titcomb was working as a consulting engineer in America. Miss Brignall was living at home at Wallington, where many people knew her as a charming amateur actress.

But some years ago Miss Brignall's portrait was painted by Mr. Ralph Peacock, and was purchased by the Chantry Bequest. It was called "Ethel," and every year one who visited the Royal Academy the year it was exhibited there will recall it.

It represents a pretty girl of fourteen with long flaxen hair, sitting before a large double door.

Miss Brignall's elder sister became Mrs. Peacock, and about three years after "Ethel" was painted Mr. Peacock painted "The Sisters." Mrs. Peacock and Miss Ethel Brignall. This picture was also one of the most popular of the year at the Academy, and it has hung since then in the Tate Gallery.

Two years ago Mr. Titcomb came to England, whence two of his ancestors, John and Priscilla Elden, emigrated in the Mayflower. Mr. Titcomb went to the Tate Gallery. He looked at "The Sisters" and thought it beautiful. He continued looking at it, and thought the younger sister very beautiful. She was just "sweet seventeen." He went away, thinking of the younger sister, and returned to think her still more beautiful. The oftener he went and looked at the face the more it enthralled him, and at last he found the artist's address, wrote to him, and asked him to make a copy of the younger sister.

Mr. Peacock declined, on the ground that he never copied his pictures, but Mr. Titcomb insisted on having a copy, and Mr. Peacock introduced him to a brother artist who agreed to make it.

Mr. Titcomb discovered that the "younger sister" was Mr. Peacock's sister-in-law, and after a time he was introduced to the family. He had hoped from the first that the original of the picture might be the younger sister, and he had time in making his wishes known to Miss Brignall, who after a time accepted a proposal of marriage.

The wedding was very pretty. The bride wore a white dress of old lace with orange blossoms, and had for page Mr. Peacock's little boy, who also has figured in a well known picture, "Out of the everywhere into here."

The bridegroom gave the bride a magnificent necklace of rare pearls, and the marriage was nearly a hundred other presents, including one from the company of amateurs with whom the bride had acted in "You Never Can Tell."

After their visit to Quebec the bride and bridegroom will make a tour of the United States.

The young man, the younger of the two "Sisters" is now in Mr. Titcomb's possession, and will doubtless be handed down as a heirloom with a history.

Hobson a Fallen Idol.

New York Globe: "The Denver convention gave no better proof of sanity than in the treatment it accorded Representative Hobson. It was a severe test. The occasion was one where sensationalism would naturally have been a strong appeal in the excitement of the moment. Spread-eagleism is always attractive to political manipulators. Hobson's deliberate purpose was to play with fire in the manner of a juggler, and planned to touch off an explosion of jingoism of which the harmful effects would have been far-reaching at the time. Hobson left the platform the butt of the gallery and the laughing stock of the delegates, and within a few hours his legend as a statesman had been publicly branded him as a falsifier.

After the ridicule showered upon him at Denver, if the man were not consumed with self-conviction he would rack up his bundle of false war rumors and expert opinion and seek deserved obscurity. A sharper rebuke to the professional inciters of world-wide strife in the Pacific could not have been administered by a representative gathering of the American citizenship."

Rev. Robert Jefferson has resigned as a member of the staff of the West ward Hol School.

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



Blessed is he who doesn't expect much, for he won't be disappointed and if he does secure something he will feel all the better for it because it comes as an agreeable surprise.

Outside of a few goal sports in Hamilton, who had helped Sherring to pay his way to Greece, Canadians paid little attention to the Olympic games at Athens in 1906. But the Dominion gained one of the greatest distinctions in its athletic history. This year we expected to sweep things, a large government grant was secured, and all parts of the country were represented. But apart from the showing made by another Hamiltonian Bobby Kerr, who won the 200 metres and was third in the 100, all was disappointment. The greatest interest was of course manifested in the Marathon. What led to Longboat's withdrawal after leading between the 15th and 18th miles has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Alberta's representative, Art Burn, finished in 3:50, the winner being 2:57.

It is evident that the plucky Canadian was in nothing like his usual form. The short time he had in which to get acclimatized was necessarily fatal to his chances. No one who has seen him run under ordinary conditions has any doubt about his being able to hold his own in a contest with the best of them if on equal terms with his rivals.

The race in itself was sensational enough. The finish must have caused intense excitement. Whether Dorando, who finished first but who was disqualified because by-standers helped him across the line, could have managed to do so without their aid was much discussed. In any event, it was a case where Dorando should have asked to be saved from his friends. It is hard to believe that the man who had gone so far in the race could not have managed the rest of it in some way or other. Hayes, the American runner, who was awarded first, formerly lived in Ottawa while Hefferon of South Africa went to that colony from Canada at the time of the war, so the Dominion was a factor in the great race after all.

The jockeying of the English runner, Haswell, by Carpenter, Cornell University in the 400 metre race created a most painful impression and much has been written dwelling on the difference between American and English sporting ideals. This ground has been covered very frequently in this column. But Canadians cannot afford to throw any dirt at the athletes from across the border. We have imitated them to a very large extent and in some respects the tactics pursued in some Canadian sports are a great deal worse than any that are seen among our neighbors. Our two most distinctively Canadian games are hockey and lacrosse, and in no games in the world over, is there so much unscrupulous conduct shown. It is the custom in many circles to decry the "baseball" spirit. There is a good deal about that game which is open to criticism, but on the whole it is conducted admirably as compared with either of the two Canadian sports that I have mentioned. The idea that prevails is that a team in which you are interested must win, no matter what steps are taken to insure that result. It was clearly unfair for Carpenter to act as he did in this race at the Olympic stadium, but why should his conduct cause surprise to anyone who has followed athletics to any extent on this continent? However, the incident should do good. If these Olympic games continue to be the great event that they were this year, and the officials insist on everything being fair and square, it will have an effect on athletics the world over and make people realize that under hand and ungenerous methods defeat the object for which sports exist.

The Canadian performances at Biele and at Henley were also disappointing on the whole. McInnis fell off badly in the King's Prize shooting, while Brown, Alberta's other representative, did surprisingly well. The Spittal incident, an Ottawa rifleman being spoken to by an official regarding the position of his rifle at a critical stage in the shooting, created a nasty impression. It seems that it had already been determined that he was strictly within his rights and the official's once may have meant the loss of the King's Prize to Canada.

The Argonaut Four were not rewarded by the experts as having a chance of the championship. Their defeat by Magdalen College by 2-1-4 was caused no surprise, while in

the pairs the Toronto scullers went down before the Leanders.

The New Westminster lacrosse players have accomplished a feat for which they deserve the greatest credit in defeating the Montreal Shamrocks and lifting the Minto cup, emblematic of the championship of Canada. The score in the two games stood 12 goals to 7. This is the third attempt which the plucky players from the coast have made.

Edmonton strengthened its hold on first place in the Twilight League by its defeat of Strathcona on Saturday by 6-3, while Camrose remains a good second by defeating Strathcona on Monday by 2-0. In an exhibition match on Monday night Edmonton won from Leduc by 17-4.

The first Amateur Athletic Championship meet in Alberta will be held at Diamond Park, Edmonton, on July 27. Civic, Amateur Athletic Association, and the Young Liberal Athletic Association. It will be a strictly amateur affair. The 24th annual meeting of the Alberta Amateur Athletic Association, and all contestants must be registered with the association. Registration forms and entry blanks may be obtained on application to Mr. J. W. Ward, secretary Y.M.C.A. at Edmonton. All entries must be in a week previous to the meet. Below is a list of the events. A special medal will be given to the winner of the greatest number of points during the meet, carrying with it the championship of the province. Arrangements have been made with the railway companies to sell tickets under the Standard Certificate plan.

Programme—Seniors: One hundred yard dash; 220 yards dash; one mile dash; five mile race; running high jump; relay race, team of four; running broad jump; 220 yard hurdle race; pole vault; putting the shot (16 lbs); kicking football; throwing baseball; running hop-step-and-jump.

Juniors—50 yards dash; 100 yards dash; half mile dash; 1000 yards; 3 legged race; running high jump; relay race, team of four; running broad jump.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ATHLETICS

The discussion on the difference between American and English athletics has caused me to consult a scrap book and reproduce from it the report of a speech which George Ade gave some years ago at a banquet given by Sir Thomas Lipton in Chicago.

"As I understand it," said he, "we are giving this dinner to glorify international sport, and that is why we have chosen as our guest of honor the best international sport on record. It is quite proper that we should honor our guests at one who is a generous patron of sport.

"Americans are becoming an out-door people. Formerly we were indoors, and now we are outdoors. Hereafter, however, we must be represented as pursuing the silver trophy hung up by some foreign jockey. We are now the most athletic nation on our national pastime. Today it is played only by the old, the decrepit and those who need the money.

"As a nation we have betaken ourselves to the bounding billow, the grassy golf links and the blood stained boulevards. It is only in the most recent years that we have turned to outdoor amusements and athletic sports we should be more or less imitative of the mother country, and not that we have made differences between the many games as played here at home and worked at in Great Britain.

"This is surprising in view of the fact that we are supposed to be one people, and up to about a month ago used the same language. With your permission, gentlemen, I now would like to call attention to some of these differences. In the first place, in suite of our best efforts the English always have excelled us in long distance running. The only time we ever won an important road race was in 1814, when the visiting team pursued the local champions along the Atlantic coast without overtaking them. In the previous contest, about forty years earlier they out ran us.

"Take it on water. The English have won the international rowing matches? Why? Because the motive power in rowing is merely brute strength. America is poor in the great rowing races. Why? Because in a contest between two sailing boats the motive power is wind.

"Football is not the same here as in Great Britain. They have perfected over there what is known as noseless football. Instead of 'rooting' so they can be heard a mile away the spectators sit quietly along the side lines and send telegraphic messages of encouragement to the players. Last spring I witnessed a championship football game at the Crystal Palace. There were 80,000 spectators present. Twenty west side boys on a vacant lot can make more noise than was made by the 80,000 that day. If we ever got 80,000 infuriated partisans together at a football game in this country somebody would have to send Secretary Taft to intervene.

"The game of football itself is essentially different in America. We have taken the old fashioned Rugby



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and by elaborating the tactics and changing the rules we have made it an intellectual contest. In England they play football with their feet. Over here we play it with our heads.

"Golf is not the game in Chicago as it is in St. Andrews. Golf in Scotland is a long and silent journey devoted to prayer and meditation. In Chicago the object in playing golf is to get back to the nineteenth hole.

"Could any two games be more dissimilar than baseball and cricket. Over here we call a score of 1 to 0 a good ball game. In England at a cricket game the spectators want their money back unless the team makes more than 1,000 tallies. Cricket is a game providing healthful exercise not only to the player but also to those who are trying to keep score. It is a good game. Next to chess, I think it is the most exciting game I ever witnessed. As a matter of fact, I did not see all of the game, and now part of the game, I would have seen all of it, but I had bought my steamship ticket and could not wait for another week.

"You can see for yourselves, gentlemen, that each country has its peculiarities and that in our athletic pastimes we have merely copied from Great Britain. However, I believe both nations agree upon one proposition, viz., that a request of honor this evening is a royal good fellow and that he is the real inspiration of that beautiful American sentiment: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful loser.'

THE HORSE IN BASEBALL

"We" granted the thin man on the right field bleachers, "the play hasn't been so brilliant so far but what it can be watched in comfort without the aid of smoked glasses. I suggest you refer to that last error at short," said the fat fan who was sitting next to him. "It was pretty rank. Still, you can't blame the pitcher for getting over an attack of pink eye."

"Pink eye? Why, pink eye is a horse's disease."

"Hunan games can have it too." "Catch it from the horses, I suppose," sneered the thin man sarcastically.

"I suppose they do." The fat man smiled and yawned. "It's another argument against the baseball trust."

"Since they've had a monopoly on the manufacture of horseballs the poor player has had no protection whatever. If he isn't willing to risk his health the trust can find plenty of other men who would be only too glad to take his place."

"There used to be a time when only the most carefully selected horsehide went into the manufacture of baseball covers. But now that a soulless corporation has got a monopoly of the business they hand up 'most any old kind of pink-eyed horsehide to the British man in the minor league players. Why, they won't even go to the trivial expense of sterilizing the hides before they're turned over to the sporting goods salesman who sells 'em on the balls."

"Just consider the number of down-trodden ball tossers who are sent out to suffer from the effects of Charlie horse. And do you know what Charlie horse is? Nothing but another kind of spring halt. They call it that because they traced the cover of the first ball that spread the disease to a decrepit old cab horse named Charlie."

"Look at the chances that pitcher is taken out there now. First he licks his fingers, then he rubs 'em on the ball, then he licks his fingers again and then—look at that!—he licks the ball. The umpire's just called a balk on him."

"All the papers tomorrow morning will blame that poor pitcher. But he couldn't help it. The cover of the ball was made from the hide of a balky horse. The pitcher merely caught it from the ball."

"But what are we going to do about this trust problem? Baseballs aren't good to eat. You can't reach 'em under the pure food law. I tell you, no way can you reach 'em. There's no sir, if that young fellow wrote the 'Jungle Book' or whatever the name of it was, could only—"

"That's the second passed ball that catcher's had," complained the

thin man. "He can't hold anything."

"That's because the pitcher is using a spit ball. Hardest thing in the world for a catcher to hold. There's the chance of a lifetime for some bright young man to invent a blotting paper mitt for handing spit balls."

"After this observation the fat fan was nettled by his neighbor to enjoy the remainder of the game without interruption.—New York Sun.

To Fort Saskatchewan by S.S. Strathcona.

A reader contributes the following: "Some day and it may not be very long when the fast flowing river Saskatchewan is bridled and channelled, the magnificent waterway running between Edmonton and Strathcona will prove both advantageous for commerce and pleasure. We who have learned of its value as a means by which logs are transported from the N.W. district have little conception of the river possibilities as a pleasure resort in years to come, and it is due to the enterprise of Mr. John Walter that on Saturday last an initial trip was made to Fort Saskatchewan and back. Being favored with a delightful morning the good ship Strathcona steamed away from the ferry landing at Watfordale at 10:30 a.m., from whence commenced a journey of full of buoyancy and not without a certain amount of exciting incident.

Close upon a hundred took advantage of the excursion, amongst these being Miss Claire and Edna Sutherland, Miss Lyle, Miss Blain, Miss Ferguson, Mr. S. T. Kelly from Strathcona, and Mr. and Mrs. Thom. Roy Douglas, Miss Sadie Wishart, Mr. L. C. Charlesworth, Mr. St. George, Jellison, and so on. Harry Goodridge, Mr. J. K. Cornwall and party, Mrs. Frank Sommer, Dr. and Mrs. Whitelaw, Mr. Percy Hardisty, Mr. Crafts, Mr. Macnamara with his three sisters, and Mr. Cole from Edmonton.

Before negotiating the bridge a snag took the liberty of impeding our progress; engines were reversed with commendable alacrity and the only damage done was a splintered timber in the upper deck. Having cleared the bridge we were next held up for a short time by Fraser's boom, but this having been safely passed the remainder of the journey was uneventful.

One could not help admiring on the way down stream the rugged picturesque of either bank, while here and there sheep folds and a few ranches added to the view. We must not forget to mention also that the various coal mines which perforate the banks bear witness to the ordinary business of Alberta's mineral wealth.

Surely the man at the wheel had all his work cut out to steer the launch safely through the river. We must not forget to mention also that the various coal mines which perforate the banks bear witness to the ordinary business of Alberta's mineral wealth.

Standing out like four mighty giants these solid concrete piers each 135 feet high with two large abutments and a great number of their steel superstructures, and as we passed by the formidable nature of the work was forcibly instilled into our minds the possibilities for the future the people of Fort Saskatchewan hold with such a grand expanse of water. Today the Garrison town draws the throngs from Edmonton and Strathcona to their annual sports, to-morrow who can tell a regatta may lure its eager throngs.

After a short stay the return journey was commenced under an unfavorable sky and rain soon followed which by no means dampened the pleasure of any of the party. A six hour run against a swift tide brought us to our destination—thus ended a very enjoyable trip which will be a most welcome forerunner of not a few such outings.

Did you see the big sign on the LITTLE store? That is where the new library is, 18 Jasper east.

Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)

reached of one of the most notable actions in Canadian legal history. That the result will have an excellent effect for the public at large goes without saying. The case has been conducted with skill and industry by the Attorney-General's department and redounds with no small credit to it.

The following from the Canadian Courier, dealing with a subject that has been given considerable discussion in this part of the west in recent months, is of interest as coming from a journal, whose editor has made a very thorough study of school-book problems, having been a member of the commission appointed a year or so ago by the Ontario Government. Whether he is correct in his statement of facts regarding the arrangements made by the Morang Company for the production of the books, the Saturday News has no means of knowing. But his opinion as to the value which the province is getting for its money is worth a good deal.

"There has been considerable discussion in the West over the contract made by the Alberta and Saskatchewan governments for school readers. The contract was made with the Morang Company of Toronto and, as the time was short for delivery, they were allowed to print the first edition in New York. The agreement was attacked because the work was not done in Canada and because it was thought to be extravagant.

"As to the first charge, there is no doubt that it is well that Canada should print its own school-books. It is no true thing to say that these can be produced in New York or Boston more economically and more quickly than in Canada. There are firms there with a special equipment and better machinery who can produce the books at a speed utterly impossible here. They have case-making machines, for example, which make cases faster than twenty-five case-makers can produce them by hand. The same is true of other details of manufacture. Canadian book-makers are poorly equipped and their work does not compare with those of the United States or Great Britain.

"The second charge, that the books are generally speaking, vastly inferior to those made in the other two countries. 'As to the question of value, the two governments concerned seem to have made a good bargain. The books have been examined by the writer, who has also an intimate knowledge of nearly all the best specimens of the book maker's art. He cannot but admit that they are in some respects the finest set of school readers yet produced. The covers are well made; each book is bound front and back with a linen hinge; the stitching, paper and type are first class in every respect. Mechanically the books are splendid specimens of the book maker's art. Their cost to the governments, who will supply them free, is as follows: Primer, 13.68 cents; first book, 16.40 cents; second book, 18.91 cents; third book, 23.75 cents; and fourth book, 27.36 cents. Considering the quality of the work and the number of pages in each, the price does not seem excessive. Moreover, the publisher must deliver the books free at the provincial capitals."

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S. J. Sanderson, PHOTOGRAPHER



The Journal's headline artist speaks of Stratheona as "the transatlantic city." The Latin scholar may pronounce it all right, but the majority of people are too much impressed by the mere sound of a word to make the title a popular one. Instead of academic gowns, it suggests to the man in the street, soap factories or pork packing establishments.

Mayor Duggan of Stratheona has joined with Mayor McDougall of Edmonton in inviting Lord Roberts to pay a visit to the banks of the Saskatchewan. But the Stratheona Chronicle has done what it could to keep him away by quoting on its front page

"There's a little red-faced man Which is Bob."

If His Lordship sees the Chronicle of that date, it's all up with the trip to the Capital.

Ponoka society is in sackcloth and ashes, as witness the following from last week's Herald:

"In the departure of Isaac Sweet the town has lost one of her most popular young men. For the past two years he has been T. J. West's right hand man at the railway depot, and by his obliging disposition won many friends in the business community. But as a social man he will be more specially missed and his departure will be mourned by the maidens of our town. Of the musical trend, he was always to the front with his violin, and especially on the dance floor he was a 'besser.' What is Ponoka's loss is surely Camrose's gain. He took up his duties at the latter place last week."

"My wife," said the first clubman, "always mixes me a cocktail when I go home feeling frazzled." "You're in luck," declared the second clubman. "The best I get is chin fizz."

"There were two Irishmen at a wake, and as they sat beside the coffin of the dear departed, Pat said to Mike: "And what did he die for?" "Gangrene," says Mike. "Let's be thankful for the color," said Mike, gravely.

Royal names for hotels are sometimes the cause of great misunderstandings. An aged farmer from the home county decided to make a visit to Toronto. It was the first time he had been at a city station and when a hotel clerk hurried in him with the interrogation, "King Edward?" the new-comer simply smiled as he answered: "No, sir—Thomas Cox of Bransona."

Hon. Adelaide Turgeon in his oration at Quebec spoke of the St. Lawrence as "of all famous rivers, the only one unexplored by man."

How did he come to overlook the Saskatchewan?

R. E. Gosnell, in the interesting series of articles he is at present contributing to the Vancouver Province, tells a story as he heard Robert Barr relate it at a dinner in London last winter. Young Barr had read of Niagara Falls as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. In his imagination it was miles high and the water came down with a roar that shook the earth to its centre. He must go and see the great falls. Clearville, then an important point on Lake Erie, from which grain and lumber went to Buffalo. In large quantities, was three miles distant. Thither he hid himself as the result of a final mighty resolve, needless to say without paternal consent or blessing, and signed on with the captain of a lumber barge for his passage to Buffalo at the rate of "services rendered" en route. The boy, like the after man, had his sense of humor, which the captain had not, and on the way across he played a practical joke at which the latter took mortal offence. I cannot tell the whole story, but, to make it short, the captain put him off at the first dry land, somewhere on Welland canal, and our hero had to walk the rest of the way, and finally weary and footsore, without credit and less money, he arrived at the mighty falls. The pleasures of anticipation, as contrasted with the pleasures of realization were practically and somewhat tragically illustrated. "What came we out into the wilderness to see—a reed shaken in the wind?" Meditation somewhat akin to this possessed the boy, who came so far at such sacrifice. The whole thing was miserably dis-

appointing and unsatisfying—a dead failure as a World Wonder. "I resisted then and there," said the speaker, "that when I grew up and had money enough I would go to England and see the Falls of Lodore. Said I to myself, 'There are Falls.' Readers will remember Southey's poem about how the water comes down at Lodore, dashing and crashing and flashing and splashing. Well, he went on to relate, he did grow up, did have money enough—notwithstanding he was a journalist of years' standing (an exception probably attributable to his Scotch lineage)—and did go to England. One of the first things he did on arriving—a notable instance of how long first impressions last—was to take the train for Cumberland. Going to a country inn, he handed his bag to the clerk and, almost breathlessly exclaimed, "Where are the Falls of Lodore?" The clerk with that good breeding characteristic of some English clerks, feigned not to observe the excited state of his guest's mind, but with the utmost cheerfulness said: "If you take that road four or five miles following the stream you will come to the Falls of Lodore. It is a lovely spot, but muddy afternoons, and the roads were dusty. After walking as far as it appeared to have been some years ago from Clearville to Niagara Falls, hot and sweaty and his feet sore, he stopped, took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers and waded into the stream to cool his feet and take observations. Fifty yards ahead was a large rock in the centre of the stream, with a swirl of water about it. This, he concluded, would be good anchorage with a view to getting information from passers-by. In a little while a pedestrian hailed in sight, and he spoke him. In megaphone tones he shouted:

"Can you tell me, please, where are the Falls of Lodore?" A curiously perplexed look came over the stranger's face as he shouted back: "Why, you're sitting on them."

SHE HAD HIM BEATEN. He was engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and frightened an ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Chew gum?" he asked. "No, sir." "I talk slang?" "No, sir."

"Make goo-goo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?" "No, sir."

"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?" "Yes, sir."

"Chin through the telephone half a dozen times a day?" "No, sir."

"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?" "No, sir."

He was thinking of something to say her when she took a hand in the mough, and put a few queries. "Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no," he gasped, in astonishment.

"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?" "Er—taintly not."

"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?" "No—never."

"Lay for your employees with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?" "No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?" "I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

"You bet!" he broke in, enthusiastically. "Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."—New York Sun.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company are appealing to arbitration to compel a sale from Messrs McDougall and Secord, of eight lots in Block 10, Hudson Bay reserve, Edmonton, at a price which Messrs McDougall and Secord claim to be far below the present value of the property. Mayor McDougall and Richard Secord have been served with notices of the arbitration. The lots in question comprise a portion of the C.P.R. freight yards. The railway company, who filed plans and laid tracks on the property two years ago, offered to purchase the property a few weeks ago at \$850 per lot, the value of the property at the time the tracks were laid. McDougall and Secord demanded the present value of the lots, and the railway company refused to come through, stating that they would appeal to arbitration. The average assessment for the eight lots this year is \$1,550.

Mr. Spencer B. Montgomery, son of Mr. George S. Montgomery, Edmonton, has won an exhibition scholarship in the matriculation examinations at McGill University, his record being an exceptionally creditable one.

Henry N. Lane, of Edmonton, has brought suit against the city of Stratheona for \$400 damages for injuries sustained by driving into an open and unprotected trench in Stratheona a short time ago, while driving a long the streets after dark.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The musicians of Saskatchewan have followed the example set by Alberta and are making arrangements for a musical festival. The following officers have been chosen: Patron, Lieutenant-Governor, Fort St. John; president, Mayor Wilson, Saskatoon; president, A. F. Angus, Regina; 1st vice president, Jas. Brown, Regina; 2nd vice president, Dr. Washington, Wolsley; secretary-treasurer, F. W. Chisholm, Indian Head; executive, T. Ward, Condit; Wm. Preston, Saskatoon; J. E. Fisher, Regina; N. D. Henton, Macoun; W. Briley, Moosomin; R. B. Taylor, Grenfell; B. W. Wallace, Prince Albert; T. D. Mitchell, Moose Jaw; H. F. Harmer, Qu'Appelle.

It has been decided to hold a festival next year in Regina on May 4, 5 and 6, and the following local committee was appointed to attend to the details. Messrs Laubach (festival conductor), Jas. Brown and J. E. Fisher. The two numbers chosen for the combined chorus work to be done at the festival were Mendelssohn's Fest Gesang and Saterdale Bennett's May Queen.

It is worthy of note that all the principal centres of the province are represented on the committee. It is to be hoped that next year a similar interest will be shown by all of the towns and cities of Alberta.

The Sunday evening concerts in the Edmonton and Dominion theatres are each week becoming more popular, both auditoriums being filled on Sunday evening last. At the latter the Citizens Band, assisted by Miss Forsyth, gave an excellent programme, while at the Edmonton, Mr. Lagougue's orchestra supplied what was a genuine treat to all lovers of high-class music. The close attention given and the hearty appreciation shown gave abundant evidence of the success which Mr. Lagougue is meeting in his efforts to raise the standards of musical taste in Edmonton. Mrs. Gagner and Mr. Vansyckle, the vocalists of the evening, as well as Mr. Darimont, the solo violinist, were heard with much pleasure.

Crowded houses have continued all week at the Dominion Theatre. A delightful play, dealing with both the social and political side of Washington, "The Senator's Daughter," was given an excellent production on the first three nights. In the title role, Miss Jeanne Russell scored another triumph, while as Lord Henry Beresford, Mr. Frederick Clarke had another excellent opportunity of displaying his versatility. Mr. Carl Caldwell could not have found a part for which he was better adapted than that of Senator Clay Calhoun, of Kentucky. Although somewhat handicapped by the sudden illness of Mr. Smith on Thursday night, a very satisfactory production of the pastoral comedy "Caprice" was given, which is well worth seeing.

The Bijou Theatre, next to the post office, has been re-opened under new management. The programme consists of moving pictures; Miss McQuarrie, vocalist, and Prof. J. T. Dunn, violinist.

THE MANOEUVRES OF THE KING'S NAVY.

(Some little ways after W. S. Gilbert.)

"The manoeuvres of the British fleets on the North Sea were directed by wireless telegraphy from London. Press despatch. "When I was a lad I served a term as delivery boy to a brokerage firm; I carried their 'wires' and I pushed replies." And I studied the game till I got quite "wise."

I studied their game so carefully That now I can manoeuvre the King's Navy. As delivery boy I made such a mark That they put me on as a telegraph clerk. I handled the coin on the counter wide And the public covered when I put on "side."

I thrust the job so successfully That now I run the ships of the King's Navy. From telegraph clerk I went to the key Where I ticked off the "wires" most merrily. I "took" the markets and I sent out "press" And never of a cipher made an awful mess. And that kind of "quay" so suited me That now I can manoeuvre the King's Navy.

So landmen all, whoever you be, If you want to get to the top of the tree, First watch your "wires" and watch them well And one fine day the tale they'll tell How you stuck to the key and never went to sea, And so you are now manoeuvrer of the King's Navy.

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Problem of the Red Rose

Jacques Futrell, in the New York Tribune.

(Continued from last week.)

The Thinking Machine went his way, leaving Burdock sitting with his face in his hands. A few minutes later he appeared in Detective Mallory's office at police headquarters. The officer was sitting with his feet on his desk, smoking furiously, with a dozen deep wrinkles in his brow. He hailed the scientist almost cordially, something unusual for him.

"What do you make of it?" he demanded as he rose.

"Let me see your directory for a moment please," replied the Thinking Machine. He bent over the book, ran down a page or so of the D's, then finally looked up.

"We don't seem to be able to establish a crime, even," Detective Mallory confessed. "I had the thorns examined, and the chemist reports that there is not a trace of poison about them."

"Silly in the first place," remarked the Thinking Machine ungraciously enough. "Is the rose here?"

The detective produced it from a drawer of his desk, whereupon the Thinking Machine did several things with it which he didn't understand. First he waved it about in the air at arm's length, then took two steps forward and sniffed. Then he waved it about much closer to him, and sniffed. Detective Mallory looked on in mingled curiosity and disgust. Finally the scientist held it close to his nose and sniffed, then examined the petals closely. After which he laid it on the desk again.

"And the box the rose was delivered in?" queried the scientist.

"Silence," the detective produced that of a young man. The Thinking Machine sniffed it cautiously, then turned it over to examine the handwriting on the address.

"Who wrote this?" he inquired.

"Someone at the florist's," was the reply.

"Can you lend me a man for half an hour or so?" asked the scientist next.

"Oh, I suppose so," grumbled Detective Mallory. "But what's it all about, anyway?"

"Perhaps I may be able to tell you at the end of half an hour," the Thinking Machine assured him.

"Meanwhile lend me the man you said I could have."

Detective Downey was called in, and the diminutive scientist led him into the hall, where he gave him some definite directions. Downey went out the front door at full speed. The Thinking Machine returned to Detective Mallory's private room to find the officer sulking like a boy.

"Where'd you send him?" he growled.

"Wait till he comes back and I'll tell you," was the reply. "It isn't necessary to get excited about something that we know nothing of. I'm saving you some excitement."

He dropped back into a chair, and sat there idly twiddling his thumbs while Detective Mallory glared at him. After a few minutes the door was thrown open, and Detective Hutchinson entered. He was frankly excited.

"Well," he demanded the Thinking Machine, without looking round.

"When she smelled that crushed kernel she fainted!" said Hatch explosively.

"Fainted?" repeated the scientist.

"Fainted?" the tone was hardly one of surprise, and yet—

"Yes, she took one whiff, and screamed, and went right over," the reporter rushed on.

"Dear me. Dear me," commented the Thinking Machine. He sat still looking up.

"Wait a few minutes," he advised, "let's see what Downey gets."

At the end of fifteen minutes Downey returned. His chief glared at him curiously as he entered and handed a piece of paper to the Thinking Machine. That imperious man of science examined the paper closely, then handed it to Detective Mallory.

"That's the handwriting on the flower box?" he asked.

Mallory, Downey, and Hatch compared it together. The verdict was unanimous: "Yes."

"Then the man who wrote it is the man you want," declared the Thinking Machine flatly. "His name is Paul K. Darrow. Detective Downey knows his address."

Two days passed. Professor Van Dusen stood beside his laboratory table peering intently at the disembodied legs of a frog with a short copper wire. Each time the point touched the flesh there was a spasmodic twitching of the limbs, a simulation of living contraction.

There extension. There beside the table Hutchinson Hatch found him.

"Watch this a moment, Mr. Hatch," requested the scientist. "It bears, in a way, on our problem in hand."

Then began a rhythmic swing of his slender hand, not unlike the beat of the musician's baton, the wire touching the frog's legs at each downward swing. Hatch, seen in a similar demonstration before.

"Watch the strokes," said the sci-

entist, "and watch the legs after the strokes."

"Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," Hatch counted. Each time the wire touched and each time came the spasmodic twitch. "Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty."

The Thinking Machine, instead of touching the twenty-first time, held the wire aloft. At the instant it would have touched the flesh, according to the beat, there came the same quick, spasmodic twitch, and then the legs were still.

"You see the effect is precisely as if I had touched them the twenty-first time," explained the Thinking Machine, "and that, Mr. Hatch, is one of the things science doesn't attempt to explain. It can be explained some day—it will be explained, but—" He paused.

Darrow hasn't been captured yet?"

"No; no trace of him yet," was the reply. "The police have sent out a general alarm for him all over the country, and today Burdock increased the reward he offered from five thousand to ten thousand dollars."

"One of my objections to dealing with the police is that they are prone to jump at conclusions," remarked the Thinking Machine. "I didn't say, of course, that Darrow was a murderer. He may have killed Miss Burdock—he probably did; but it isn't conclusive at all. Still he is the next link in the chain, and his presence is necessary."

Hatch gazed at him in amazement, and a hundred questions rushed to his lips. They were still by the sudden appearance in the doorway of a young man. A soft hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he was crouching as if about to spring. One hand, and right, was in his pocket, clutching something fiercely. His face was perfectly pale, and roving, glittering eyes blazed with madness.

"Come in," suggested the Thinking Machine calmly.

"I—I must talk to you, quick!" the young man burst out. "It's a matter of the most vital importance, and—"

"I'm at your service, Mr. Darrow," remarked the Thinking Machine pleasantly. "Have a seat."

Darrow's Hatch was startled, made speechless, by the uncanny appearance of this man whom the police of the entire continent were seeking. Darrow was still crouching there in the doorway, staring at them.

"I risked everything to come here," declared the young man, "and there was a menace in his tone. 'It was on the stroke about to ring the bell when I glanced back and saw Detective Mallory turn the corner. I didn't wait to ring, the door was unfastened and I came on in. Mallory is probably coming here. I must talk to you—and I won't be taken alive. Do you understand what I say?'"

"Perfectly," replied the Thinking Machine, and he started toward the door.

Darrow took one step forward, blocking his way. "Understand, please," he began in a low, even voice, "I am utterly desperate, and I won't be taken. If you attempt to betray me, I—"

He stopped.

The Thinking Machine walked round him to the door leading into the hall. Martha, his aged servant, was just passing.

"Mr. Mallory is at the door," Martha said the scientist. "Tell him I am not in; but that I shall be at police headquarters within an hour, and Mr. Darrow will come with me."

He stepped back into the laboratory and closed the door, without even a glance at his visitor. They heard Martha open the front door, then they heard Mallory's heavy voice, finally Martha's answer, then the door was closed, and Martha's foot steps passed along the hall. Darrow suddenly rushed to the window and glanced out.

"All right, Mr. Darrow," remarked the little scientist, as he sat down. "I know now you are innocent. I know why you have been hiding out. I know why you came here to see me, and I understand, too, your deep grief; so we can come immediately to the vital point."

The young man turned and glared at the small, impassive figure.

"You said I would be at police headquarters within an hour," he said accusingly.

"Certainly," agreed the scientist impatiently. "As an innocent man you will go to your own free will, with me."

The young man dropped into a chair and sat there for a long time with his face in his hands. After awhile Hatch saw a teardrop trickle through the unsteady fingers, and the shoulders moved convulsively. The Thinking Machine sat with his head tilted back, waiting upward, and fingers at rest, tip to tip.

"This trouble between you and Mr. Burdock?" suggested the scientist at last.

"You don't know the malignant hatred which exists between me and Burdock," said Darrow suddenly. "He is not a man of great wealth, but he is a man of

great influence, and if I should fall into the hands of the police with the accidental case which I have now exists he would bring all that power and influence to bear against me, with the result that I should be railroaded to a felon's grave. I don't know how he would do it; but he would do it. I'm afraid of him—that's why I came here to see you when I wouldn't dare go to the police until I know I can prove my innocence; then I will surrender."

The Thinking Machine nodded. The enmity existing between the two of them was standing, and is not of influence here," Darrow went on. "But I know this man's power—I have felt it all my life. He has brought me to the edge of starvation half a dozen times, pursued me in every walk of life, until now—now, if I should have to commit murder, he would be the victim."

"I'm telling you this because—"

"All this is of no consequence," interrupted the Thinking Machine shortly. "Who poisoned the rose?"

"I don't know," replied Darrow, helplessly.

"You must have some idea," insisted the Thinking Machine.

"I did have an idea," was the reply. "I went this morning to a place to see a person whom I intended to accuse of a crime, taking the chance of capture myself, much as I dreaded it; but there was no one there. The door was locked; a servant connected with the apartment house told me that the person had not been there for a day or so."

The Thinking Machine turned quickly in his chair, and glared at Darrow curiously.

"What's her name?" he demanded sharply.

"I don't know," said Darrow, "but she could have had anything to do with it," warned Darrow. "It seems awful to suspect such a thing, and yet—" He stopped—unknown. The logic of it all informed me that the reason that unknown didn't communicate with her was because of some objection in her home. Her father! Do you see? I simply asked him about it, and instantly his hatred for a single individual came out, that individual being his father. Thus, things pointed toward Mr. Darrow, who was away. The letter to the florist was from Washington. The joints were fitting nicely."

"At police headquarters I saw the rose and by cautious experiments detected a faint odor of peach kernels. Then I saw the handwriting on the box. It seemed to be a man's, but I knew by the receipt book there it did not come from the florist's, therefore was not addressed by anyone there. Did Mr. Darrow address it?"

"Mr. Hatch," directed the Thinking Machine, "step into the next room there and telephone for a cab. He turned again to Darrow. "She threatened you, or Miss Burdock, I imagine?"

"Yes," said Darrow, reluctantly.

"And you, please, answer my last question," said the little scientist. "What relation existed between you and Miss Burdock?"

"She was my wife," Darrow replied in a low voice. "We were married four months ago."

"I imagined as much."

Detective Mallory impatiently strode back and forth across his private office, his brain turbulent with conjecture. The telephone bell rang; the Thinking Machine was at the other end of the wire.

"Come at once, and bring the needed evidence," commanded the irritable voice of the little scientist.

"Another murder?" demanded the detective, agast.

"No, a suicide," was the reply. "Good-bye."

Detective Mallory and Medical Examiner Francis found the Thinking Machine, Hutchinson Hatch, and Paul K. Darrow in the sitting room of a small apartment on the fourth floor. Some sinister thing lay outstretched on a couch, covered with a sheet.

"Mr. Mallory, this is Mr. Darrow," the scientist remarked. "And here," he indicated the couch, "is the woman who murdered Miss Burdock, or rather Mrs. Darrow. Her name is Maria di Peculini. Here is a full confession in her own handwriting. He passed an envelope to the detective, and here are several torn pieces of paper which show how assiduously she practiced before she forged Mr. Darrow's handwriting in addressing the box in which the red rose was sent to Miss—I should say Mrs. Darrow. I may add that Signorina di Peculini found the things as I delivered them to you, Mr. Mallory."

He stopped and sat silently staring for a little while.

"Briefly," he supplemented, "the woman who killed herself knew of the rose being sent regularly, then determined on revenge, bought one, and sent it herself after dropping a deadly drop of poison in the bloom. The wax paper which surrounded the flower prevented evaporation, and when it was opened—We know the rest."

Neither Detective Mallory nor Hatch spoke for a long time. But the reporter had one more question to ask, and at last he put it:

"That paper kernel that you sent me to Goodwin with?" he began.

"Oh, yes," interrupted the Thinking Machine. "That was a little psychological experiment, and the result of it deserted me a little. It is one of the many things science doesn't fully understand, Mr. Hatch, which the little experiment with the frog, a little instant, nitrate of amyl is a powerful heart stimulant. It smells precisely like banana oil. A person who has used nitrate of amyl, or to whom it has been administered without their knowledge by inhalation, is momentarily affected the same way when they come suddenly upon the odor of banana oil. The acid has an odor like a peach kernel. I sent you to Goodwin, therefore, to prove definitely whether or not prussic acid was in this country. I inhaled it unconsciously. The result gave the proof I wanted."

per cent solution. One drop of a stronger solution than that on a rose blossom, would have killed Miss Burdock, and the dog if he sniffed at it, as he must have.

"Therefore, from the very first, we knew the manner of death. We knew how the rose was prepared. Cyanic acid is extremely volatile. We saw how that single drop on the rose evaporated, was dissipated in the air, as the windows of the room where the young woman was found were open. Still there was a faint odor of it left—it smells precisely like crushed peach kernels, and the maid who was unconsciously affected by it."

"Knowing these things," he continued, "I went to the florist's. Only twelve roses had been bought, paid for, and delivered from there, and the rose that killed Miss Burdock was the thirteenth rose. The roses went from the florist's, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays for four weeks, making twelve roses. They had all been delivered, as the receipt books there showed; but Miss Burdock was killed on Monday; therefore that was the thirteenth rose, and it didn't come direct from the florist's. It was sent by messenger, and the date didn't correspond with any date in the receipt book; therefore it came from another source."

"Incidentally the fact that the roses were sent in that way—that is, one at a time without a card or suggestion of by whom they were sent, suggested a clandestine arrangement with the girl. In other words, the roses were being sent by some one she knew, in all probability; but no one else must know. It was, I saw, a method of correspondence, I might say a love token of some sort, which would not attract attention at her home as a letter would."

"Thus I established a relationship between Miss Burdock and some one else—unknown. The logic of it all informed me that the reason that unknown didn't communicate with her was because of some objection in her home. Her father! Do you see? I simply asked him about it, and instantly his hatred for a single individual came out, that individual being his father. Thus, things pointed toward Mr. Darrow, who was away. The letter to the florist was from Washington. The joints were fitting nicely."

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Gray countries and grim empires
pass away
And all the pomp and glory of etched
towers
Goes down to dust; and youth itself
shall ebb.

But, oh! the splendor of this au-
tumn dawn,
This passes not away! This dew-
drenched range,
This infinite great width of open
space.

This cool, keen wind that blows like
God's own breath
On life's once drowsy coal, and
thrills the blood;

This brooding sea of sun-washed
solitude,
This virginal vast dome of open
air.

These, these endure, and greater
are than grief!
Still there is strength; and life, oh,
life is good!

Still the horizon calls, the morrow
lures,
Still hearts adventurous seek the
outward trails;

Still, still life holds its hope!
For here is air and God's greenness
spread!

Here youth audacious fronts the
coming day!
Here are no huddled cities old in
sin.

Where team reptilious mirth and
golden ease
And age on youth so mountaintously
lies!

Here life takes on a glory and a
strength
Of things still primal, and goes
plunging on!

And what care we for time en-
crusted tombs?
What care we here for all the cease-
less drip

Of tears in countries old in tragedy?
What care we here for all the
earth's creeds old-worn,

The dreams old-lived, the hopes to
ashes turned,
In that old East so dark with rain
and doubt?

Here life swings glad and free and
rude, and youth
Shall drink it to the full, and go
content!

A WESTERN SALON.

Within a stone's throw of three
of the principal banks of the city,
up a short flight of stairs, on Satur-
day night, if you are of the elect,
you may find an evening of Bohe-
mian enjoyment, where a merry
round-up of doctors, lawyers, lonely
Englishmen, and other strays for-
gather about the interesting per-
sonality of the hostess.

If you are in luck you may have
been asked to dinner, in which case
you have had all the fun of puzzling
out how it was possible to have con-
cocted such a well-cooked repast
amid such tiny quarters. If the
tender birds you have just finished
to help punish were roasted on the
premises, you ask yourself, whether
has floated the inevitable roasting
aroma? These green peas, the new
potatoes in their white blanket
sauce, the delicious clotted cream
and peaches, where under the low-
hung ceiling, where they prepared,
when you know there is but one
store and that, a heater, in the cosy
quarters, until your reverie is in-
terrupted by the presiding genius
of the feast asking you to please
pass your cream plate back for a
banana, as there are only a certain
number of plates available, and
they are all in commission.

If you are a new-comer to the flat
and are curious, you may later solve
the dinner puzzle. The solution is
Song Lee's little Chinese restaurant
around the corner, whence emerges
a Colonial boy and a capacious
basket.

The black coffee of course pre-
sents no difficulties, a cooking
healer is, after all, one of the com-
forts of life.

Over the fragrant brew, tastier
and more enjoyable because you ac-
tually witness its preparation, con-
versation is sure to be pregnant
with a delicious intimacy and good-
fellowship. In no place does so-
called Society meet the Lonelies on
such familiar terms as when seated
on an operating table in a doctor's
Bohemia, or stretched on the cosy
corner which serves as a bed at
night, in one of those jolly little
flats. The broadest minds of the
one stretch out in a community of
interests to the other, and such an
evening of common enjoyment fol-
lows as seems impossible where a
drawing room and the usual formal
conditions are concerned.

You may be a Judge of the Su-
preme Court or you may be a
"younger son" at work on a rail-
way construction camp, if you are
doing your part in the up-building
of the country, and are a gentleman
by instinct or breeding it is all one
in this western salon. It is "please
help carry the cups out to the din-
ing-room-pantry kitchen," and "See
who's at the phone."

There is no set method of enter-
taining in Western Bohemia. Those

who talk well naturally do their
turn, but everyone finds something
to say or do.
You couldn't crowd a piano into
the rooms if you had the price to
buy one, but a good gramophone fits
in well in the corner of the bed
room.

Across the hall it isn't hard to im-
agine that you are in a London
music-hall and that Harry Lauder is
actually before you, rendering his
imitative songs instead of a great
black bell tube substitute, which is
vibrating to his echo.

Half the men present have heard
and seen the world-famous diva
whose songs at this Out-Post-of-Em-
pire are even now ringing forth in
the little dusky bedroom, but the
songs are none the less enjoyable if
the chords of memory do tug a bit
at the heart strings, recalling the
dead dear days that are now seem-
ingly passed away for ever.

But how the singing of them car-
ries one back, and how certain songs
and people associate themselves in
our minds, even as a flower, a per-
fume, or a book are on the instant
suggestive of some particular en-
tity, which at one time or another
made a more or less deep impression
on one's life.

"I want no star in Heaven to
guide me." The man over in the
corner of the room has closed his
eyes forgetful of everything save
the girl "back home" who once sang
it to him.

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom
Bowling" calls up to another a boy
in a mining camp, since dead, who
used to sing it, to quote his pal, "like
the very devil." And so we listen
and whisper, until lights are turned
up to allow of our glancing over
some English papers just in. "The
English papers! How many 'mothers
sons' of old Britain, all over the
world, daily stand up and call them
blessed. The home papers! Here's
to them."

"I see there's a new opera on,"
says the wandering descendant of
an old Irish peacemaker. "My word,
but I'd give a five pound note to be
there."

The Lincolndescendant is at pre-
sent engaged helping build a cement
pier on the bridge, and earns his
five pounds very much by the sweat
of his brow, but no matter.

"Hoaroor!" exclaims another,
"Tanji's chalked up one more
century."

Just over the little desk, hangs an
old steel engraving of General Sir
—by— "my maternal
uncle," the hostess informs you, as
she sees you regarding it. But all
about the room are speaking evi-
dences of the notability of the
family in their ancestral home.

Perhaps something of the bright-
eyed little Queen of the Salon, looks
back a bit regretfully, if so her
guests are never permitted to know
it. As Dr. Pringle, the Yukon agi-
tator has it, "for pluck and daring
the Englishmen up North have us
all beaten hands down." And yet
how much better than being the
mere descendant of a brave man to
have a hand in the fight yourself. If
blood tells, then blood shouldn't
cool, heirs of all the ages, is it
hands that we sit by with idle
hands?

"Clay lies still, but blood's a rover
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, and when the journey's over."
There'll be sleep.

As you go good-night we grasp
the hand of the small woman, with
a firm and sympathetic grasp. Say
what you will of us, it's what a man
is, not what he's been that still
counts out West.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and cry
— A Stander-By

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick left
with her small daughter on Tuesday
to spend a fortnight with Mrs.
Swinsland at her cottage in Banff.
In October, to the Driscoll's, which
regret, she and her children leave to
spend the winter in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barnes leave
on Saturday for week's visit to
Calgary and Banff.

Mr. T. P. Kelly, whose marriage
to Miss Gladys Goughier is one of
the interesting September events,
is building a fine house on Seventh
street north, opposite Mr. A. W.
Fraser's.

Another house in course of erection,
that will add to the substantial ap-
pearance of a block in Sixth street,
is the one being built for Mr. T. W.
Lincolndescendant to Driscoll's, which
it is expected will be completed in
September, when the Mowat Big-
gars will take possession of the
present Lincolndescendant on Thir-
teenth street.

There was quite a sensation in
town early in the week when it
became known that Gull Lake was
under quarantine for small pox,

Reading the Tea Leaves

Means something to an intelligent woman.
When they unroll into perfectly formed
leaves she knows it is not stale, much-
handled bulk tea, but reliable



RAM LAL'S PURE TEA

sold by all grocer's in 1/4 lb. and 1 lb.
packages and 1 lb., 3 lb. and 5 lb. tins,
with its own Fine Natural Flavor.

TOMATOES

We have a quantity of small tomatoes which we will sell

ON SATURDAY
AT
10c. a lb.

These are in good condition and are excellent for
catsup, chili sauce, &c.

PHONE 1292

Ramsay's Greenhouses

Duncan Bros. & Butters

In connection with our ANNUAL JULY SALE, we are making
some startling reductions in prices on reliable, seasonable goods.
We must have room for fall goods, so you will find bargains in
every Department. Step in and ask for anything you want, and
we will quote you a price that will surprise you.

Fancy Tansies Silk in Stripes. Regular 60c. Sale price 45c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslin, light colors Reg. 40c to 70c. Sale price 25c a yd.
Colored Pongee Silk in navy, green and tan Regular 50c a yd. Sale price 40c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslin, light colors Reg. 15c to 30c. Sale price 10c a yd.
Embroidered Vests, suit lengths, in tan and navy blue. Regular 1.75. Sale price 1.25 a yd.	Fancy Scotch Gingham, light and dark, Reg. 25c to 30c. Sale price 15c a yd.
Wool Vests, in brown, champagne and fawn. Reg. 60c. Sale price 50c a yd.	Fancy Colored Canadian Prints, dark colors. Reg. 10c to 12 1/2c. Sale price 8c a yd.
Ladies' White Muslin Blouses Reg. \$1.25 to \$2.00. Sale price \$1.00 Reg. \$2.25 to \$2.50. Sale price \$1.75	Crum's English Prints, light and dark. Reg. 15c. Sale price 12 1/2c a yd.
Ladies' Underwear Reg. 50c to \$3.00. Sale price 70c to \$2.00	Children's Dresses, white and colored Reg. 50c to \$3.00. Sale price 35c to \$2.00
Ladies' Muslin Drawers Reg. 50c. to \$3.00. Sale price 30c to \$1.10	Ladies' White Duck Skirts Reg. \$1.75, \$2.75 and \$3.00 Sale price \$1.25, \$2.00 and \$2.25

All our Fancy Sunshades to be cleared
out at one-third of regular prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES 18 pair Men's Box Calf, Goodyear welt Reg. \$4.00 for \$3.25 a pair	BOOTS AND SHOES 12 pair Men's Shoes, sizes 2 to 10 Reg. \$2.50 for \$1.75 a pair
15 pair Men's Common Sense Shoes, Goodyear Regular \$3.50 for \$2.75 a pair	15 pair Youth's Canvas Oxfords, sizes 11 to 13. Reg. \$1.20 for 90c a pair.
17 pair Ladies' Vici Kid Oxfords, Goodyear welt, Patent Tip. Reg. \$3.00 for \$2.75 a pair	See the Crawford Shoe for Men in our entire window.

Duncan Bros. & Butters DEPARTMENT STORE

CORNER FIRST ST. AND JASPER AVE.
Automatic Phone 1352 EDMONTON

Connelly & McKinley

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Private Chapel and Ambulance

212 McDougall Ave. Phone 1525

very large number of Edmonton families being affected by the intelligence. Up to the time of writing I have heard nothing, however, that could cause any anxiety as regards the summer campers, so presume there is more scare and inconvenience than actual danger.

Mrs. W. D. Ferris is one of the unfortunates whose visit to Gull Lake has been marred by the smallpox quarantine. I understand she was a guest at the hotel when the medical authorities declared the startling news.

Mesdames Cote and Thibaut were the bright and popular hostesses of last Saturday's Golf Tea, when the weather man behaved shockingly and sprinkled and showered until the gentler sex of the golfers were scared into remaining at home. There was however a very fair turn-out of men, and from all accounts it was one of the jolliest of the season.

The Ottawa correspondent of Toronto Saturday Night says: "The Mr. C. A. F. Harris, of Harriscliffe, expect to leave in the beginning of August for Brandon, especially to be present at the marriage of Miss Kathleen Kirchhoff to Mr. Bowker, of Edmonton, on the 5th of that month, and before returning to the Capital they will spend a few weeks at their residence near Banff. Mrs. Skellington Smith who has been for a short time at Earncliffe has now gone to visit Mr and Mrs. E. S. Johnston at their summer home in St. Anne de Bellevue."

Mr and Madame Martin returned from their honeymoon on Thursday last, having had a delightful trip. Another bride and groom who came up on the same train were Mr and Mrs. Guy Marriott of Strathcona, who, I hear, were given a tremendous welcome by their scores of friends at the station. During their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Marriott spent a few days at Bowen Island, the guests of Mrs. Sydney Woods.

The Rev. Mr. Cautley of Bolton, Eng., who has been spending a few weeks at Bolton Lodge, the guest of his son, Mr. R. W. Cautley, left on Monday for his home in England.

Mrs. Helliwell of Vancouver and her small daughter Elizabeth, were the raison d'être of two happy little social functions during the week. Mrs. Cautley entertaining at a smart tea on Wednesday for her sister, and again at a merry children's party on Friday.

The tea was one of those jolly affairs where one seemed to meet the people one liked the best, and where it was possible to have a decently long chat with each of them.

Mrs. Cautley received in a dainty white lingerie blouse and black silk skirt, and Mrs. Helliwell was prettily gowned in pale dotted mauve mousseline de soie, with Val. lace garniture, and precious ornaments.

The rooms were redolent with the fragrance of many lovely garden beauties, the tea table being centered by a huge bowl of exquisite nasturtium.

Little Elizabeth Helliwell, a dear wee girl in a dainty white frock, was the only regular assistant in doing the tea table honors, practically everyone being engaged in happy informal fashion in looking after each other.

Among others present I noticed Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, Mrs. Pardee, who returned from Gull Lake on Monday, Mrs. Osbeck, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Haylock, Miss Pilot, and Miss Sowden.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar left on Thursday morning for Calgary and Banff. Mr. Biggar is attending the meeting of the Benchers in the former place.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pardee expect to leave about the middle of the month on a trip to Skagway.

Reggy

BORN.

Chauvin—To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Chauvin, Edmonton, on Saturday, the 25th inst., a daughter.

Clark—At 23 Rice street, Edmonton, on July 26th, to W. H. and Mrs. Clark, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Eager—Bliss—At Christ Church, Dartmouth, N.S., on July 27, Lalia Bliss to Martin W. Eager, barrister, Edmonton.

The announcement is made that W. B. Hearn's rival in Southern Alberta, Mr. D. H. Elton, proprietor of the Raymond Rustler, Magrath Pioneer and Cardston Star, is to desert journalism for law, having decided to enter as a student in the office of W. C. Ives, Lethbridge, on August 1st. Mr. Elton is the president of the Alberta Press Association and will be much missed by his conferees.

Vancouver Magistrate's Opinion

Of a man well-known to Edmonton business men.

The following from the Vancouver Saturday Sunset will be of interest to the business men of Edmonton and of other towns and cities of Alberta, Mr. Martin being a former resident of this city and having done business throughout the province:

"Last week M. B. Martin and his Wheat Belt Review got into the courts charged with not paying the salaries of employees, with the result that he magistrate stated emphatically that in his opinion Mr. Martin was a rascal. Certain facts which at that time and since have come to light in regard to his dealings in other cities do not tend to refute the magistrate's opinion.

I have before me a budget of letters from secretaries of Boards of Trade and others in various prairie towns giving details of this individual's operations, which show that if he is not a nervy fakir he comes so close to that definition that the margin between faking and straight business is very small.

The editor, artist and photographer in this man's employ are all in arrears of salary and the only reason they give why they are not all suing him is that they could not recover anything if they obtained judgment.

Martin has been making contracts in Vancouver for a number of his magazine which he says will appear next September. In as many cases as he finds his dupes foolish enough to pay him, he collects in advance. As he has not yet published several numbers which should have appeared many months ago, for prairie towns, he claims that his Vancouver number will appear on schedule time are not bright. The point for Vancouver business men to remember, and one which it may be to their interest to bear in mind, is that Martin is not a very safe man to whom to entrust payment in advance on any promise he may make.

For those who have already given him contracts and cash there will be little sympathy. They were easy and deserve to be taken in.

For those who have already given him contracts and cash there will be little sympathy. They were easy and deserve to be taken in. A smooth stranger strikes a business man for payment in advance for anything in the line of an advertising scheme that he should be promptly shown the door. No man who is responsible or in a legitimate business needs payment in advance and the fact that he asks for it should be taken as proof that his business is not one to command the confidence of business men. No responsible business house would think of paying an established newspaper in advance. They why pay an irresponsible stranger on the strength of his own unsupported promises.

Vancouver business men have had a pretty good drilling this last few months in worthless advertising schemes. The Blue Book, Greater Vancouver, and the Wheat Belt Review, and if they will just note the names of these propositions in their hats they may save money in future.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor-cyclist in London gayly trotted-trotted his way by Regent Park towards the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin: "I say boy, am I right for the Zoo?" The boy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd 'ad' sto' a far better chance if you'd 'ad' a tail!"

The New York Sun's Tribute to Canada.

The New York Sun says editorially: "The Prince of Wales, has crossed the Atlantic to dedicate the Plains of Abraham to a united Canadian people, and as he plays his part in the impressive ceremony there can hardly fail to sweep across his mind a vision of the tremendous changes that have taken place on both sides of the Great Lakes since his father, then bearing the same title, paid a visit to North America. Less than fifty years have elapsed since Edward VII., then a boy of nineteen, was welcomed in Canada and the United States, but not often in the world's history has a similar period been fraught with more momentous events.

The paper then briefly reviews Canada's history, and continues: "Today the monument erected to Wolfe and Montcalm symbolizes the conversion of Canada into a consolidated and self-sustaining nation, who asks nothing but friendship of her southern neighbor, and whose surviving tie to Britain is one of sentiment alone. Extraordinary has been the growth since 1860 of the provinces composing the Canadian Dominion in population and in wealth. The inhabitants are now computed at about six millions, about as many as England contained when Quebec was surrendered. In 1905-6 the foreign trade of the Dominion had reached a volume which would have seemed entirely incredible forty-eight years ago, for the total exports exceeded \$246,000,000 and the imports \$294,000,000. At the same date deposits in the banks reached \$531,000,000 and deposits in savings banks \$87,000,000. The total mileage of Canadian railways in June, 1905, was upwards of 20,000 miles, and it has since been increasing rapidly. We add that the yearly value of Canadian fish exports is now not far from \$25,000,000, and that in 1906 the national revenue exceeded \$80,000,000. In a word, British North America, whose unification is accomplished today, is aptly called a 'Dominion,' for in the number of its citizens, in the plenitude of its financial resources, and in the level of its civilization it outshines many a European monarchy."

The teachers of the province who met in Edmonton during the past week chose the following officers: President, W. A. Hamilton, Lethbridge; 1st vice pres., N. E. Caruthers, Lacombe; 2nd vice pres., J. A. Fife, B.A., Edmonton; sec-treas., W. Scott, B.A., Calgary; executive committee, A. C. Newcombe, B.A., Calgary; W. J. McLean, Red Deer; L. H. Luck, Calgary; G. F. McNally, B.A., Strathcona; A. W. Keith, B.A., Wetaskiwin. The course of studies, text books, and the re-organization of the school system suggested as a result of the establishment of a Provincial University, were discussed. The motion that the Department of Education be asked to establish a system of high schools for the province was fully thrashed out. The association was strongly of the opinion that the present public schools system should be continued, standards VI, VII, and VIII, being organized so as to admit of a IXth standard, and that the greatest possible financial support should be given to those schools doing the work of Standard I and V inclusive.

HAIR PINS HAIR CURLERS

HAIR RETAINERS

HAIR PADS HAIR COMBS

Little's

Hall's Ice Cream Parlor

THE COSIEST IN THE CITY

We guarantee our Ice Cream to be pure and wholesome and when once tried you will come again.

Special catering for afternoon teas and luncheons.

Ice-cold drinks in all flavors.

PHONE 1915

CHAS. HALL

STATIONER, CONFECTIONER AND TOBACCONIST

Corner Jasper & Seventh

School Bonds

School Districts with Bonds to sell should communicate with Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada
Head Office, MONTREAL

Alberta Conservative Association.

FEDERAL CONSTITUENCIES OF EDMONTON AND STRATHCONA

Having accepted the appointment of Organizer for Messrs. Hyndman and Day, the nominees of the Conservative Party for the Edmonton and Strathcona Constituencies respectively, the undersigned invites all parties living in these constituencies interested in the next Federal Election to send their names and addresses to him, so that he may in due time send to them the name and location of the place where they will be able to record their vote; and he will also be prepared to give any information desired.

CAPT. T. B. THOMAS
CAMROSE, ALBERTA

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have this day deposited in the Edmonton Land Titles Office, for the District of North Alberta, Plan, Profile and Book of Reference showing the location of their Railway through the said district of North Alberta and the lands required for their right of way there in.

Dated this 17th day of July, A. D., 1908.

W. H. BIGGAR,
General Solicitor, G.T.P. Railway Company.

A DOMINION FAIR EXHIBIT AT OUR STORES

We have purchased the goods supplied by Revillon Bros'. Montreal house for THE REVILLON EXHIBIT at the Calgary Fair. The goods are the finest in their line on the market as is only what is expected for an exhibit of this kind. They include Ostrich Feather Boas, Copue Boas, Marabo Boas, lovely Silk Scarfs, Cut Steel Belts and Belt Buckles, Fancy Silk Waists, High Class Kid Gloves, Etc. We bought these goods at a big discount off regular wholesale prices and offer them at the same low price.

We extend a cordial invitation for the ladies of Edmonton to come in and see our display. It is a pleasure to show goods of this kind.

THE ACME CO., LTD.

CORNER JASPER AVENUE and SECOND STREET

The Saturday News

A welcome week-end visitor to hundreds of Alberta homes.

If you are not a regular subscriber, would it not be well worth your while to become one ? ? ? ? ?
Or have you not a friend at a distance whom you would be glad to send it to as a weekly reminder of yourself ? ?

Delivered anywhere in Edmonton, Two Dollars per year.

To Outside Points, One Dollar and a Half.

Office of publication :

39 HOWARD STREET

(DIRECTLY BEHIND THE BANK OF MONTREAL.)

AUTOMATIC PHONE 1961

Edmonton Beach



The closest summer resort to the city. Full information may be had at The Saturday News Office.